HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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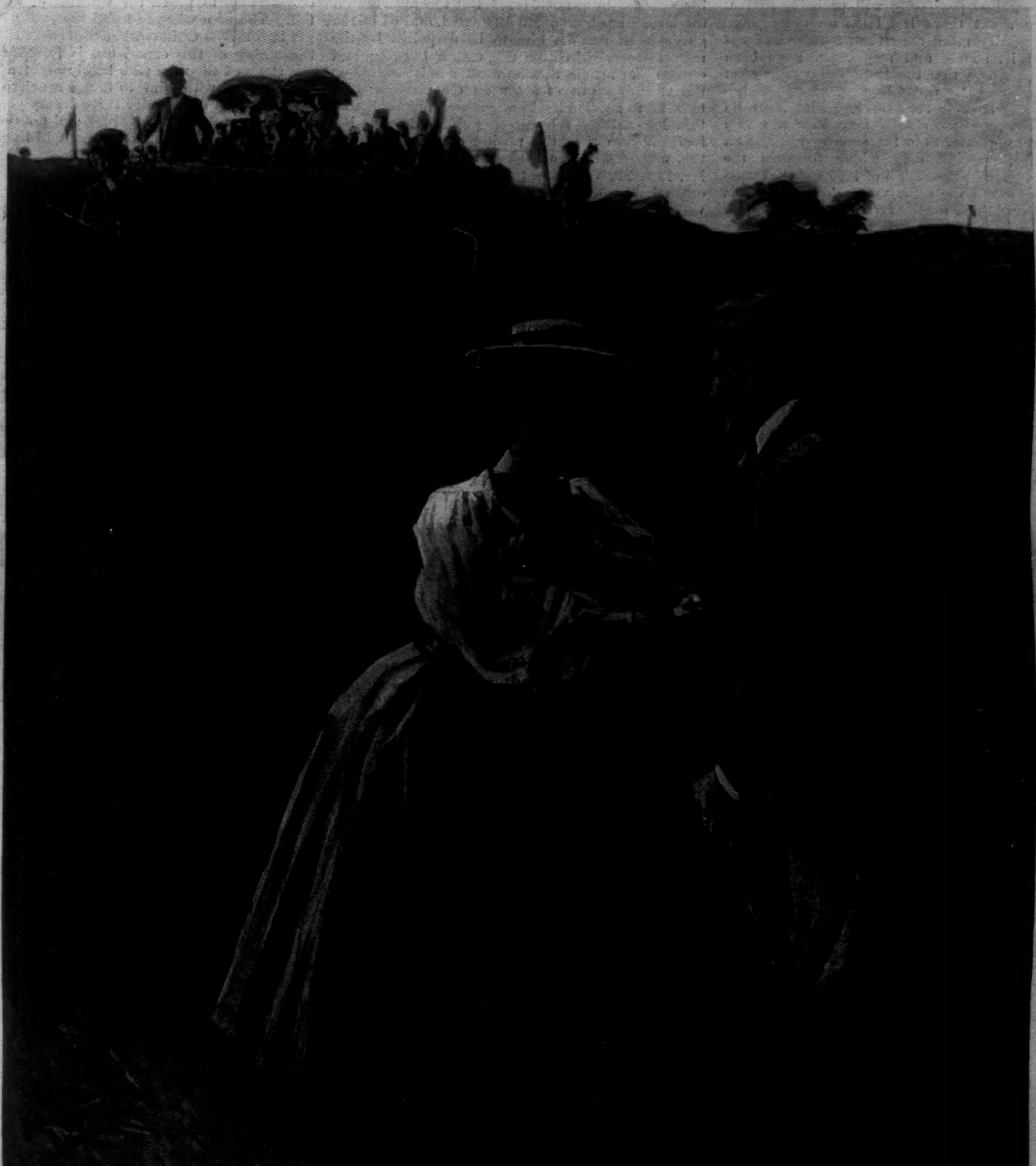

"I FELT HER SEIZE MY HAND AND SHAKE IT."—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.

[See "Colonel Bogie," a Golf Story, by Gustav Kobbé, Page 757.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE PASSAGE OF THE TARIFF BILL.

The tariff bill, which was finally completed in conference committee, out of the way, business will probably respond by a renewed activity, and the long-awaited prosperity will probably arrive. For some weeks there has been an atmosphere of hope, hardly more than that, among business men, and its source and inspiration have been the consciousness that the tariff bill would soon be finished, and the worst known. Business has been waiting so long for a revival that it would not be strange if we should now have a period of prosperity greater than the country has known since the crash and ruin which followed the passage of the McKinley bill of 1890 and the Sherman silver act of the same year. The country is so rich, the outlook for the farmer is so favorable, trading has been so long suspended, that even this tariff bill, bad as it is, cannot probably prevent the awakening of the business activities of the nation. Indeed, if we are to have the prosperity hoped for and predicted, the prosperity that alone can prevent the election of a Bryan House of Representatives next year, it will be because the tariff agitation is over for the time, and because the dickerers and log-rollers have at last completed their task of spoiling the people in behalf of the trusts and manufacturers.

It is a curious feature of the history of this tariff bill that its discussion in Congress has excited little public interest. The country has seemed apathetic. Apparently people were concerned mainly in its speedy passage, in order that they might know accurately the burdens which were to be imposed upon them, and might fix prices of their goods accordingly. There is no doubt that a good many friends of the protective-tariff system regard this attitude of the country as indicative of the definite adoption of protection as the permanent policy of the government. There are signs that encourage this belief. In the first place, the Democrats in the House of Representatives chose as their leader a young man not only absolutely incapable of dealing with the question, but one whose opposition is not based on principle. Mr. Bailey is a Democrat who, like Tillman, prefers to grab part of the plunder for his own constituency rather than to stop the stealing. The Populists and some Democratic Senators also manifest this readiness to participate in the benefits of protection. Tillman is not the only Southern Senator who sympathizes with McEnery's willingness to permit any outrage upon the professed principles of his party if the products of his own people are "taken care of." The enactment of the bill was attained with the aid and the connivance of men who have professed to be opposed to class legislation and to the whole system of taxing the public for the benefit of individuals. It is this betrayal which leads protectionists to believe that their policy is now definitely and permanently established.

We are inclined to think that they will speedily discover their mistake; that they will find that the apparent apathy of the country was due to a consciousness of impotence; that, instead of acquiescing in the protective principle, the country is more alive than ever to the essential immorality of tariff legislation; that there are deep-seated anger and a firm determination to punish those who are responsible for the greedy corruption which marked every step in the composition of this disgraceful and mendacious measure. To suppose that the country acquiesces in the bill which has been produced at Washington is to suppose that it has become indifferent not only to the vicious practices which have been the fruitful parents of its various schedules, but to the reckless and shameless display of them. The great central fact in the history of this measure is the continued domination of the Sugar Trust over Congress. There is some pretence of dispute as to whether the House or the Senate was victorious in the final arrangement of the sugar schedule. But it matters little which scheme for increasing the profits of the Sugar Trust was adopted. The people who speculate in sugar securities have expressed their opinion of this legislation in Wall Street. The common stock of the Trust was selling at 110 when the work of making the bill was begun, and after the conference report was made the stock sold at 146. In other words, the "Street" assumed that the sugar schedule, as finally adopted, had added $13,000,000 to the value of the common stock.

For three years the Sugar Trust has legislated for itself, and has been able to tax the country for its own benefit, its agents in Congress being restrained only by fears of their constituents. What the Sugar Trust has done in a large way has been done in a smaller way by other beneficiaries of this tariff bill. The public interests have not been consulted by the public's representatives. Every tax imposed by this bill is in aid of a private enterprise, and the rate in nearly every case has been dictated by the beneficiary. The price of nearly every article in common use is increased by the act, except the products of the farmer, who cannot be benefited by a tariff tax. But the old ruse on the farmer has been again attempted, and while the government permits him to be despoiled by the manufacturers of cotton ties, cotton bagging, and every other article that he must use, it offers him the worthless gift of a tax on the products that he sells to England. The pretence has been that this log-rolling scheme of public plunder has had for its object the raising of revenue. But this pretence has now been abandoned, and even Mr. Dingley confesses that the predictions of increased income to be derived from the measure, which he made on introducing it, were untrue, while he now searches for excuses to explain the looked-for deficiency of the current year. That the first effort of this Congress in dealing with the revenues should have been to equalize receipts and expenditures is beyond dispute. That this result should have been sought through retrenchment in expenditure will not be denied by intelligent men who have in mind only the best interests of the government. That, in the absence of the will or the courage to economize, taxes should have been levied that would certainly increase revenues, follows inevitably. But this Congress has insisted on continuing extravagant appropriations, and has voted down nearly every reasonable proposition that has been made to increase revenues. The session has been devoted to increasing the profits of private corporations and private citizens who are suspected of possessing a corrupt influence in Washington, and it matters not, so far as the immediate interests of the country and the fortunes of the Republican party are concerned, whether the suspicion be just or unjust.

Whatever else may be the outcome of this tariff measure, whether or not we shall be fortunate enough to escape the direful economic and political consequences that would follow the triumph of the silver men next year, we firmly believe that this measure will hasten the end of the protective policy. We do not believe that the country will much longer tolerate a policy that is hostile to commerce, which was spreading under the lower tariff; hostile to manufacturers, many of whom have enjoyed the benefits of free raw material, now to be taxed; hostile to the consumer; hostile to art and letters; and such a fruitful breeder of corruption that whenever a tariff bill is up, the Senate-house at Washington becomes a market. The end of all this must come, and the men who are responsible for this latest phase of the protection barbarism will go down before the just indignation of the country whose public opinion they have ignored or openly contemned.

THE ALASKA GOLD-HUNTERS.

The reports of extraordinary discoveries of gold in Alaska are not only drawing thousands of men from points along the Pacific coast to the new gold country, but already the East has begun to send recruits to the new mining-fields. It is characteristic of the speculative nature of the American that he is willing to take chances of extreme hardship, and even of death, for the remote possibility of quickly found fortune. How remote that possibility usually is has been illustrated at the opening of every new mining country, and it has been proved again and again that the proportion of men who grow wealthy in mining is almost as small as that of the men who break the bank at Monte Carlo.

A few years ago California sent a band of argonauts to Australia, where some very rich gold discoveries had been made. Before they reached their destination discouraging reports began to come from the new gold-fields. These reports showed that while a very few men had grown enormously wealthy through the discovery of rich gold deposits, their less fortunate associates had undergone fearful hardships without reward. Both water and food had been lacking, and men who had had little capital found themselves confronted not only with poverty, but with starvation. Government reports, based on a careful census, showed that the average production of the precious metal was something less than $300 to each miner for twelve months. In a country where supplies sold for extravagant prices, $300 a year was a starvation income. When from the aggregate the enormous takings of the few more fortunate miners were subtracted, it reduced the average for the less successful more than one-half.

A similar condition of affairs exists on the Klondike, if the reports which come by way of San Francisco and Seattle are trustworthy. Provisions are scarce and dear; hardships are great; the promising placer territory is limited, and already there are enough eager workers in the field to exhaust its capacity. Only the fortunate have returned to civilization, bringing their bags and boxes and cans of gold-dust to prove the wonders of which they tell. The men who are fighting poverty and hunger beyond the Chilkoot Pass are still to be heard. Something of this experience is foreshadowed in the story of the man who has brought a substantial fortune with him to San Francisco after a struggle with disaster for three dreary years. But the glitter of the gold he brings, and not the shadow of his struggle with misfortune, will linger in the memory of tens of thousands of men whose hearts are yearning to-day toward the new California.

SOME BARBARISMS OF OUR OWN.

In too many parts of this country there is too little civilization. It is best to go farther and to confess that some communities in the United States are lamentably ignorant and barbarous whenever they come to deal with certain facts of life. This barbarism is not confined to any particular section of the country, but it has more frequent opportunities for displaying itself in the South than elsewhere, owing to the social conditions arising there from the presence of a great number of blacks freed from slavery only a little more than a generation ago.

The most serious blot upon our civilization finds its expression in the defiance of the law, and in the lack of that self-control which is perhaps the finest attribute of the civilized man. Occasionally there is something more: there is exhibited by the mob a downright love for blood-letting and for mangling the bodies of its victims, a passion for cruel mutilation which is generally supposed to be limited to the most ferocious tribes of Indians in our own country, and to some of the most untamed of the African negroes. The ferocity in mangling and the furious joy that is produced by the sight of blood are sometimes manifested, it is true, by others than admitted savages. The Spaniards, for example, are accused of barbarous brutality in their treatment of the Cuban insurgents. The Japanese are charged with horrible cruelties to the captured and wounded Chinese at Port Arthur, and one of the excuses offered for them is that the Chinese had been equally brutal. The Turks are known to be guilty of murder and of worse in Armenia.

Comfortable Christians in our own country and in the States of Ohio, Tennessee, Alabama, and Kentucky, as well as elsewhere, shudder when they read of the savages of foreign and un-Christian lands glutting themselves with blood and murder. Our Congress and State Legislatures tremble with horror and indignation at the accounts of Armenian outrages and of the starving and shooting of Cubans. They express their indignation in resolutions which upbraid Europe for tolerating the Turk, and they insist that the Spaniard shall cease to offend our susceptibilities in Cuba.

There is no hypocrisy in all this, for, as a rule, we are a law-abiding people and we are humane Christians, but whether the thing that is in our own eye be a mote or a beam, there is something there that ought to be removed before we pass any more resolutions about the thing that obstructs or diverts the vision of our brother.

The incident at Urbana, Ohio, had not been forgotten before lynching parties defied the law in other States, and now a negro has been most horribly killed—stoned to death, his body riddled with bullets and burned—in Tennessee, and within a few days of the first murder another negro was killed in the same lawless way in Alabama. In Kentucky a judge has liberated a confessed murderer on the ground, deliberately stated, that there is an unwritten law in Kentucky which permits the husband to kill his wife's paramour.

The mobs that kill negroes, and the communities that excuse the killers, are barbarous. The men engaged in the bloody work in Tennessee and Alabama are murderers, and should be hanged. If the communities permit them to go free, they are, to that extent, uncivilized communities in which passion is superior to the law. The judge in Kentucky is worse even than the lay offenders, for he has studied the law, knows, if he does not feel, its spirit, and is sworn to administer it fairly, justly, and thoroughly. Besides conniving at and encouraging murder, he has violated his oath, and if the community in which he lives were wholly fit to govern itself, he would be driven from the bench.

These are some of the instances which prove the statement made at the beginning of this article, that in too many parts of this country there is too little civilization. In view of them modesty would be becoming in the best of us. We may properly continue to shudder at the cruelty of Turks and Japanese and Spaniards, to deplore the brutality of the black savages of Africa and the red savages of America, but until we tame and civilize our own white savages, until we treat all illegal killing as really murder, and until we drive from the bench such judges as the man who has recently disgraced the State of Kentucky, we would best make up our minds that the tasks we have at hand are so exacting that we have no time for interference in foreign countries or with strange populations, either through advice or annexation.

OUR INTERNATIONAL IRRESPONSIBILITY.

We complain that foreigners do not understand us. In international affairs that is no wonder. In Europe a minister composes his despatches under a burden of responsibility which is almost crushing. As Lord Dufferin said in the speech last year in Paris in which he bade farewell to the career of diplomacy, if any one of half a dozen august personages "raises his voice above a whisper," a shiver runs over all the exchanges and through all the barracks of Europe. Consequently the august personages do not raise their voices above a whisper unless they mean something very serious indeed. Observe the studious moderation of the language of the ambassadors at Constantinople. They do not in the least "cry Havoc" even when they are actually preparing to "let loose the dogs of war." We, on the contrary, through our legislators, scream at the top of our voices even when we do not mean anything in particular, and the vociferous persons are immensely surprised when they are taken seriously.

It is humiliating to have our friends explaining abroad that we are not to be taken seriously. But that our orators and legislators do not intend to be taken seriously they take frequent occasion to prove. This was shown in a remarkable manner only a few days ago in the Senate. That body had taken action in the case of Cuba calculated to give great offence to Spain, and in the case of Hawaii calculated to give great offence to Japan. If the Senate was prepared to stand by its own action, an increase of the navy, amounting almost to doubling it, was of the most urgent necessity. We were exposed, by the action of the Senate, to an attack upon both flanks. It was necessary for us to maintain at once on the Atlantic coast a fleet superior to that of Spain, and on the Pacific coast to that of Japan. Everybody knows that we are very far short of that condition of preparedness. And yet the Senate showed the irresponsibility and insincerity of its own previous performance by resolving that we should not have such a navy. For that was really the meaning of the refusal of that body to allow contracts for armor plate to be made at the price offered. It is possible that armor plate could be provided at a profit at $300 a ton, the figure beyond which the Senate declined to go, whereas the price charged was $425. It is said that this latter price is lower than that paid by England or France or Germany. In that case the showing that we could get armor plate for more than a fourth less would shed an interesting side-light on the iron and steel schedule of the tariff. But, however that may be, we must have armor plate at once and at any price if the Senate meant what its bellicose behavior seemed to mean. We were really at the mercy of the contractors, for the only alternative proposition to that of buying of the manufacturers at their own price was the establishment by the government of its own plant for making armor plate. That suggestion has been made before, in rather a speculative way. But this time, always assuming the sincerity and responsibility of the Senate, the question was not speculative, but intensely practical, and even vital. Battleships cannot in any case be improvised, but to postpone the completion of them until the government supplied itself with a plant for armor plate is like adjourning it without day. And nothing more practical was done than the bare suggestion in debate of such a mode of escape from the rapacity of the contractors. That is to say, the Senate, having invited war from two powers, refuses to make any preparations for that war. In this case the House has concurred in the action of the Senate, though it is true that the Senate is responsible for the creation of the threatening conditions. Is it any wonder that Europe does not know what to make of us?

PARTISAN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

Of the arguments in favor of partisan municipal government, that recently published by ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower appears to have attracted the most attention. He admits that the failure of partisan government in cities has "in some instances been conspicuous and humiliating." But he affirms, on the other hand, that "some of the worst instances of maladministration have occurred under nominal non-partisanship." He fails, however, to specify such instances. He only says: "I believe that the net result of the non-partisan movement which elected Mayor Strong has been of distinct advantage, in some respects, to the people of New York; but its merits have been confined to the services of a few men who have conducted their offices with conspicuous fidelity and intelligence. As a test or demonstration of what constitutes genuine non-partisanship, it has been a failure." The mistakes committed by Mayor Strong consisted, not in appointing to office persons who were party men, but in selecting for appointment men on account of their belonging to this or that party organization, instead of choosing them solely according to their fitness for the official duties to be discharged. And if Mr. Flower will candidly analyze the successes and failures of Mayor Strong's administration, he will agree with the general judgment that in the different departments it succeeded in the same measure as the true principles of non-partisan government were faithfully observed, and it failed in the same measure as those principles were departed from. The most conspicuous success was achieved in the street-cleaning department, which was most conspicuously conducted in the non-partisan spirit. The failures it is needless to point out.

Mayor Strong's administration therefore shows, not that non-partisan municipal government is impracticable, but that, in the present case, it has splendidly succeeded where it was fairly and consistently tried, and that the failures occurred where it was not. Nor does the fact that Mayor Strong made some appointments for partisan reasons prove that when a ticket on a non-partisan platform has been supported by several partisan organizations, those elected *must* make partisan appointments. On the contrary, the experience of the last two years has demonstrated that Mayor Strong's administration would have been stronger in public opinion, more harmonious, more effective in promoting the public good, more acceptable to the people, and more apt to secure the triumph of the non-partisan principle in coming elections, if he had made no appointments on partisan grounds at all. By this time Mayor Strong probably thinks so himself.

It is one of the favorite arguments of the advocates of partisan municipal government that such a government will be restrained from evil practices by the feeling that it is "responsible" to a party organization. This is a catch phrase. What does such "responsibility" mean? It means, practically, in the first place, that the heads of such a partisan government will be held "responsible" for putting the offices at their disposal into the hands of their party organization. It means, in the second place, as to the responsibility of the party to the public, that when such partisan officers, in doing all they can for the benefit of their party organization, offend the moral sense of the public and get into difficulty, the party organization will do all it can to cover up their misdoings and to help them out. The party organization will usually stand by the evil-doer if he has been "true" to it in the matter of patronage and other plunder, sometimes to the last extremity, sometimes at least until his case is absolutely hopeless and the attempt to sustain him would mean immediate party disaster. Such has been for many years the history of such party organizations as those we have to deal with in New York. If any such organization has held one of its leaders in office "responsible," with regard to his official conduct, it has been not for official misconduct ever so gross, but for permitting himself to be "found out." No fair-minded man will believe that this sort of "responsibility" to or by party organization can, under existing circumstances, be conducive to good municipal government.

Will, on the other hand, as Mr. Flower thinks, non-partisan municipal government, not holding itself responsible to a party organization, be without the necessary sense of responsibility? Here is a practical example. Of all our present city officers Colonel Waring is probably the most "independent" in sentiment. Few citizens of New York know to what party he belongs, or whether he belongs to any. If anybody should speak to him about his "responsibility" to a political party he would chuckle. But what sane person will say that Colonel Waring, as an officer of the city government, is without a proper sense of responsibility? He simply feels himself responsible to the people of New York and to the judgment of his countrymen for cleaning the streets of the city to the best of his ability. And there are other city officers animated with the same spirit and devoting themselves with the same fidelity to their duties. Now let Mr. Flower compare these men, whom he considers in a sense "irresponsible," with a majority of their predecessors under partisan municipal government with all the moral weight of their responsibility to party organization upon them—and where does he find the strongest sense of responsibility of the genuine kind? And which kind of responsibility serves the public best?

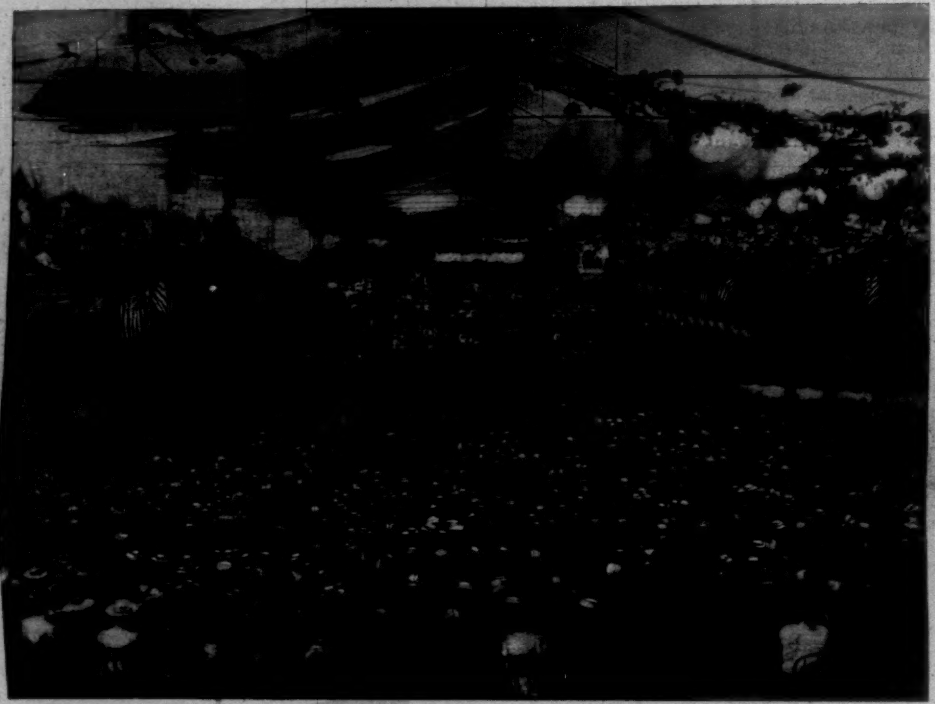
Nothing could possibly be more delightful than the string which Mr. Flower attaches to his plea in saying: "Behind any defence of municipal government by party, however, must stand the imperative condition that the party organization be intelligent, honest, and broad-minded. Corrupt and incapable local organizations cannot give good local government and are a menace to party success in either State or national contests. But with clean men directing party effort, and insisting upon honest, faithful public service as a condition for rewards, municipal government is safe in partisan hands, and evils which have grown up under control by party need not exist." This is the hugest joke of the season, considering the character of the party organizations we have to deal with in New York city—Tammany Hall under Boss Sheehan on the one side, and the Republican machine under Boss Platt on the other. Yes, if Tammany Hall and the Platt machine, or either of them, were or could be made party organizations unselfishly devoted to the public good, municipal government might be as safe in their hands as in those of any other set of virtuous patriots. But will not the mere suggestion of such a possibility provoke a general guffaw? Mr. Flower tells us that "partisanship in city government differs from non-partisanship in being a reflection of conditions as they exist—not as they ought to be." Well, will not then partisanship in our city government reflect existing conditions which are very bad? And are not good citizens in duty bound to strive for a change of conditions in the direction of what they "ought to be"? And could there be anything more hopeless than an attempt to effect that change by a transformation of Tammany or of the Platt machine into devotees of good government?

Under such circumstances there is something of comedy in the spectacle of a company of sound-money Democrats meeting at dinner like the Pickwick Club to devise methods of attaining good municipal government by electing only "Democrats" to the city offices, and of "uniting" all "Democrats," Tammany included, to that end. These gentlemen seem to be haunted by a vague apprehension that any independent municipal movement may somehow hurt *their* party, whatever that at present may be. The droll confusion of this idea is mercilessly betrayed by Mr. Flower when he says: "A battle for tariff reform or for honest money might be lost, if party activity were reserved only for Federal elections." If this be true, might not likewise a battle for high protection or for free silver be lost, if party activity were reserved for Federal elections? And is not this even far more likely because independent action is most apt to weaken the *regular* organizations, which at present work, one for high protection and the other for free silver? Those gentlemen are no less at sea with regard to the municipal situation. Do they not know what everybody else knows, that if Tammany "unites" with them on a respectable Democrat for the Mayoralty and keeps Bryanism in the background for the time being, it does so only for the purpose of tiding over a dangerous crisis, and of claiming the victory and monopolizing its fruits if the "united" Democrats win? Do they not see that by such an unprincipled "union" of sound-money men and Bryanites as "Democrats," they would simply make themselves a mere tender to Tammany Hall? If they really mean to serve the cause of good government in New York they cannot too soon join the independent citizens' movement and contribute their share toward keeping it in the truest sense non-partisan.

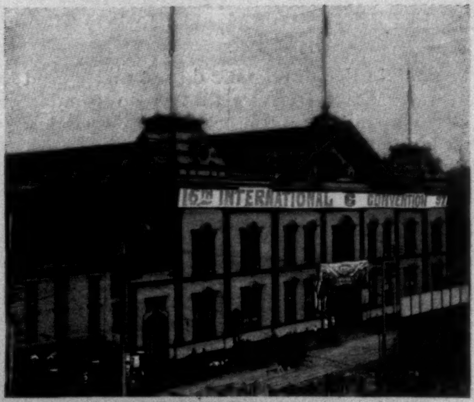
Carl Schurz.

CHINESE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS AT MECHANICS' PAVILION.
Photographed by Weidner.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR COMMITTEE.
Photographed by Weidner.

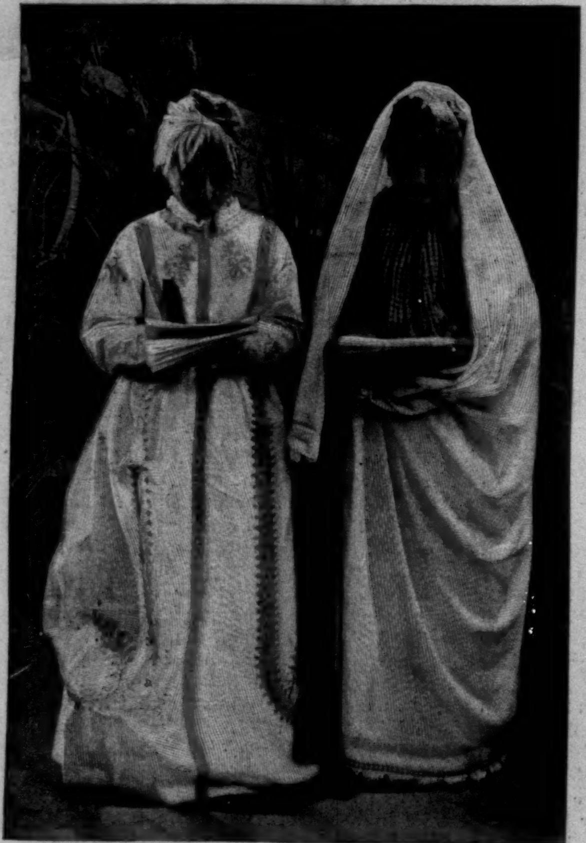


THE FIRST MEETING OF THE CONVENTION AT MECHANICS' PAVILION, JULY 7.
Photographed by Taber.

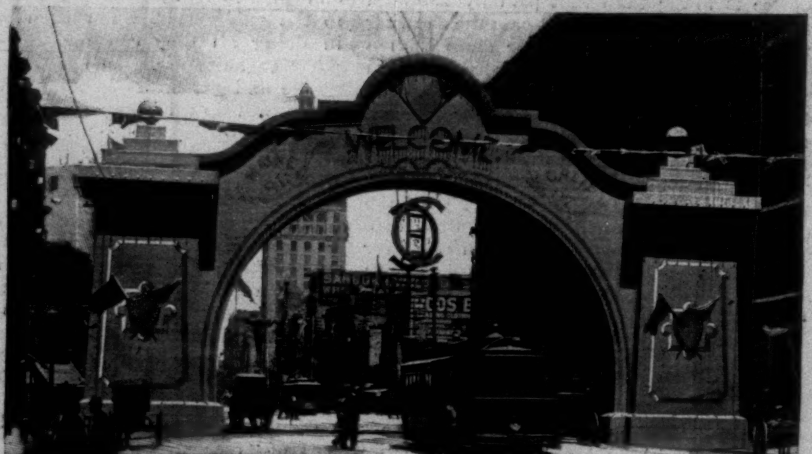


MECHANICS' PAVILION, WHERE THE CONVENTION WAS HELD.
Photographed by Taber.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS' BAGGAGE.
Photographed by Weidner.



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS FROM ARMENIA.
Photographed by Weidner.



ARCH OF WELCOME AT MARKET STREET.
Photographed by Taber.

THE SIXTEENTH INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE SOCIETIES OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, AT SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 7-12.
[SEE PAGE 766.]

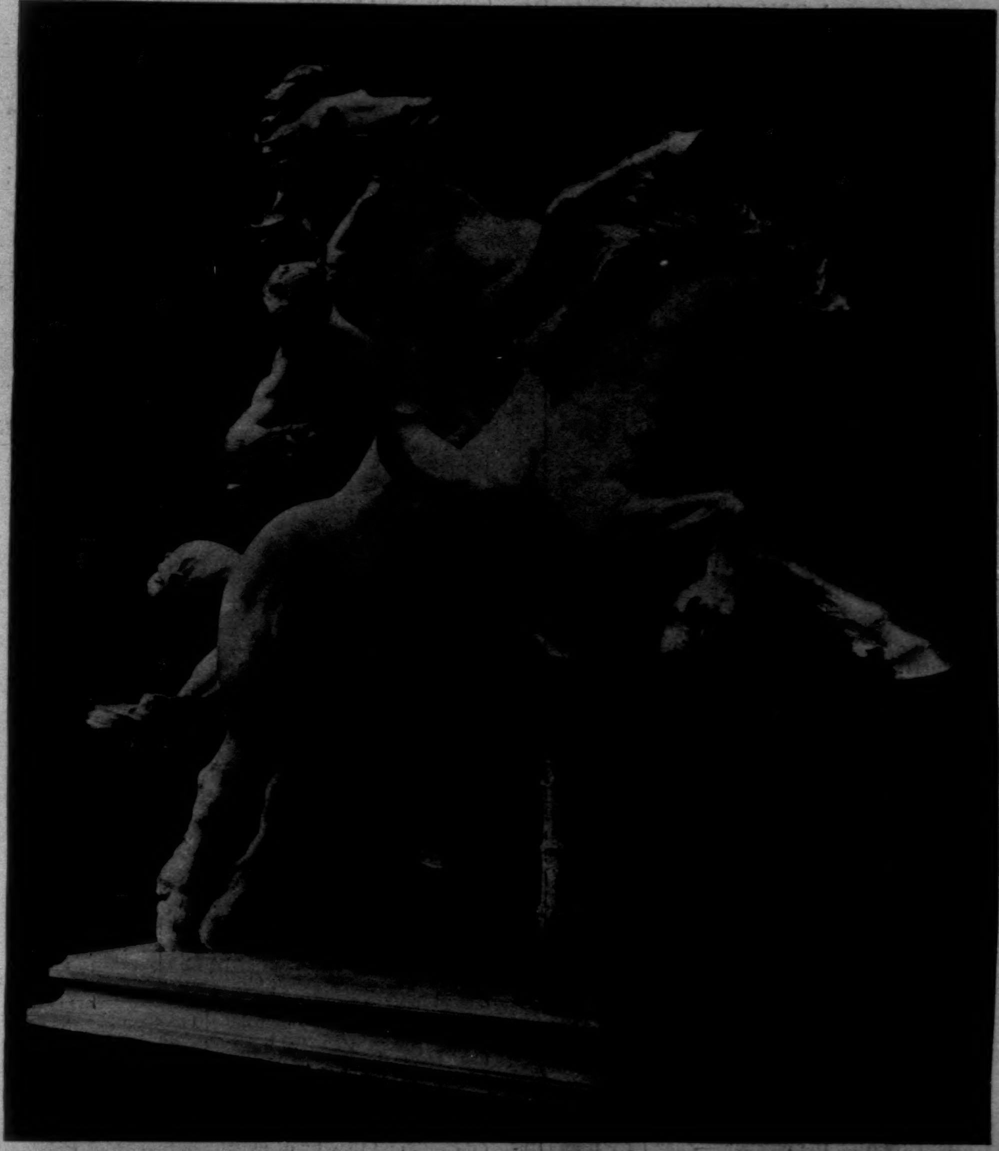
MR. FREDERICK MACMONNIES'S GROUP.

Mr. Frederick Macmonnies has forwarded from his studio in Paris a photograph, expressly prepared for Harper's Weekly, of his model sketch for a colossal group which is to adorn one of the entrances to Prospect Park in Brooklyn. The height of the group will be fourteen feet, and that of the pedestal on which it will stand nineteen feet. The general scheme of Park adornment, of which the group will be a feature, is being carried out by the firm of architects Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, and is a further illustration of the fact that no city on this continent has a fuller appreciation of the real value of art to life than the City of Churches.

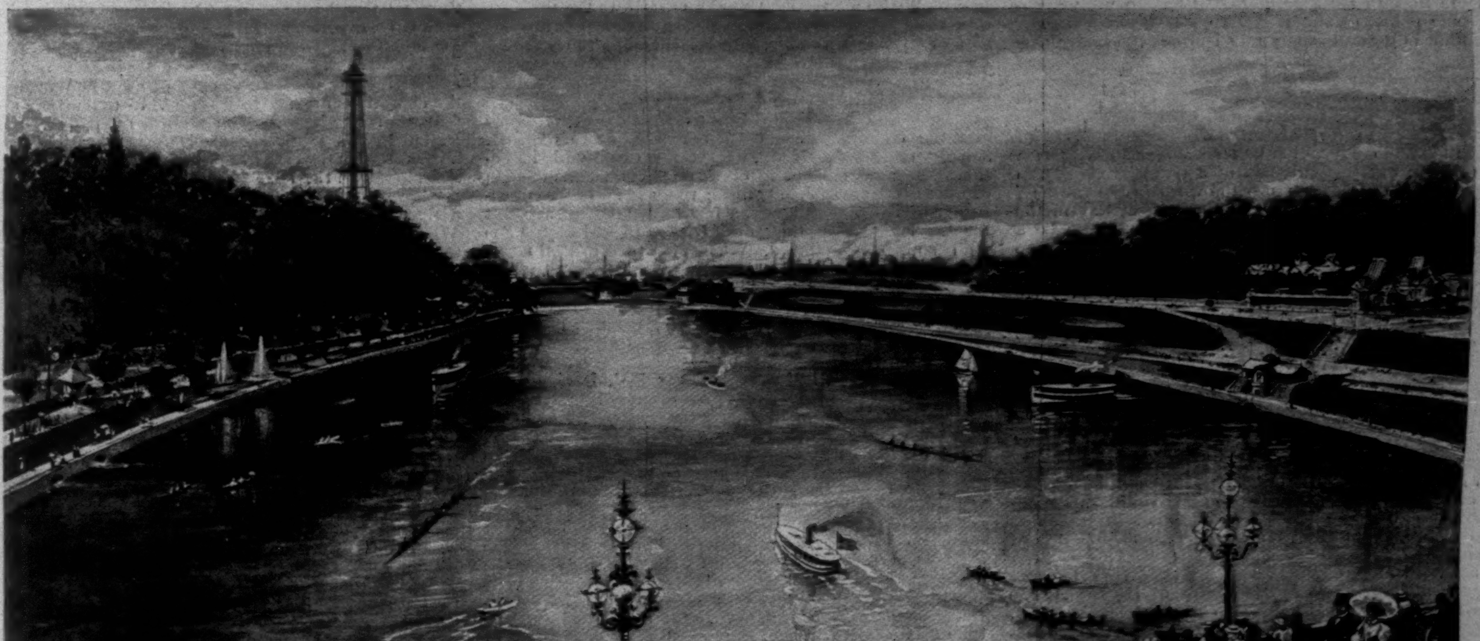
A study of the picture leads one to the conclusion that this composition will reveal the sculptor at the highest point of vigorous conception and mature execution that he has yet reached. We have known him to be possessed of an extraordinary feeling for texture, of perfection in drawing, and the power of expressing spontaneity of movement. He gave us an example of this in the "Bacchante," with its exquisitely natural spring, that is the triumph of minute observation and technical facility, for the pose is momentary, and no model can give more than a suggestion of it. But in this group of horses is a transition from the idyllic to the heroic, from a rippling rhythm of movement to a veritable explosion of action. Step by step Mr. Macmonnies has mounted the pedestal of his power, until now we feel that he is conscious of full maturity, and fairly revelling in his strength. His ebullient vitality is contagious. It is impossible not to feel enthusiastic in the presence of a work so stirring—sufficiently classical, and yet aglow with that passionate young life that characterizes American civilization.

Evidently the camera; as so often, has played false with the subject, and made the hind quarters appear small in scale as compared with the horse's head and shoulders. But, having made allowance for this, one can enjoy without stint. What a magnificent crescendo of impetus in the action of the front horse, from the rigid thrust of the hind leg, which carries the weight, up to the spontaneous exultation of the arched neck! Then how confidently daring is that strong diagonal line formed by the rider and the horse's fore legs, which forces the interest back into the centre of the composition, and forms an attachment to the towering mass of the other horse! The picture, though necessarily a one-sided view, enables one to see with what judgment the sculptor has controlled the vehemence of his group, and kept its parts from starting asunder by the opposing direction of the horses' heads. Not the least admirable characteristic is the breadth and simplicity of modelling. The sculptor, whose work has often been so exquisite in detail that one had to pass one's hand over it to appreciate the delicate gradations, has here assumed unreservedly the big manner, subordinating mere line to vigorous contour, and subtleties of surface to imposing masses of light and shade.

Mr. Macmonnies has always been a prodigy among his fellow-artists, and his work early won the admiration of the critics for its brilliant technique. It is good to see that a man can come through such an ordeal unspoiled, and grow to larger and larger effort; that the horizon of his purpose is widening, and each fresh example of his work is richer in significance, ampler in conception, and more matured in treatment. Charles H. Caffin.



MR. FREDERICK MACMONNIES'S GROUP FOR PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.



THE NEW ESPLANADE AND DRIVEWAYS ALONG THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER AT FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.—[See Page 754.]

LONDON.

July 1, 1897.

I CONTINUED, last month, to seek private diversion, which I found to be more and more required as the machinery of public began to work. Never was a better chance, apparently, for the great anodyne of art. It was a supreme opportunity to test the spell of the magician, for one felt one was saved if a fictive world would open. I knocked, in this way, at a dozen doors; I read a succession of novels; with the effect perhaps of feeling more than ever before my individual liability in our great general debt to the novelists. The great thing to say for them is surely that, at any given moment, they offer us another world, another consciousness, an experience that, as effective as the dentist's ether, muffles the ache of the actual and, by helping us to an interval, tides us over and makes us face, in the return to the inevitable, a combination that may at least have changed. What we get, of course, in proportion as the picture lives, is simply another actual—the actual of other people; and I no more than any one else pretend to say *why* that should be a relief—a relief, I mean, as great as it practically proves. We meet, on this question, I think, the eternal mystery—the mystery that sends us back simply to the queer constitution of man and that is not in the least lighted by the plea of "romance," the argument that relief depends wholly upon the quantity, as it were, of fable. It depends, to my sense, on the quantity of nothing but art—in which the material, fable or fact or whatever it be, falls so into solution, is so reduced and transmuted, that I absolutely am acquainted with no receipt whatever for computing its proportion and amount.

The only amount I can compute is the force of the author, for that is directly registered in my attention, my submission. A hundred things, naturally, go to make it up; but he knows so much better than I what they are that I should blush to give him a glimpse of my inferior account of them. The anodyne is not the particular picture, it is our own act of surrender, and therefore most, for each reader, what he most surrenders to. This latter element would seem, in turn, to vary from case to case, were it not indeed that there are readers prepared, I believe, to limit their surrender in advance. With some, we gather, it declines, for instance, to operate save on an exhibition of "high life." In others again it is proof against any solicitation but that of low. In many it vibrates only to "adventure"; in many only to Charlotte Brontë; in various groups, according to affinity, only to Jane Austen, to old Dumas, to Miss Corelli, to Dostoievsky, or to whomever it may be. The readers easiest to conceive, however, are probably those for whom, in the whole impression, the note of sincerity in the artist is what most matters, what most reaches and touches. That, obviously, is the relation that gives the widest range to the anodyne.

I am afraid that, profiting by my license, I drag forward Mr. George Gissing from an antiquity of several weeks. I blow the dust of oblivion from M. Pierre Loti, and indeed from all the company—they have been published for days and days. I foresee, however, that I must neglect the company for the sake of the two members I have named, writers—I speak for myself—always in order, though not, I admit, on quite the same line. Mr. Gissing would have been particularly in order had he only kept for the present period the work preceding his latest; all the more that *In the Year of Jubilee* has, to my perception, some points of superiority to *The Whirlpool*. For this author in general, at any rate, I profess, and have professed ever since reading *The New Grub Street*, a persistent taste—a taste that triumphs even over the fact that he almost as persistently disappoints me. I fail as yet to make out why, exactly, it is that, going so far, he so sturdily refuses to go further. The whole business of distribution and composition he strikes me as having cast to the winds; but just this fact of a question about him is a part of the wonder—I use the word in the sense of enjoyment—that he excites. It is not every day in the year that we meet a novelist about whom there be a question. The circumstance alone is almost sufficient to beguile or to enthrall; and I seem to myself to have said almost everything in speaking of something that Mr. Gissing "goes far" enough to do. To go far enough to do anything is, in the conditions we live in, a lively achievement.

The Whirlpool, I crudely confess, was in a manner a grief to me, but the book has much substance, and there is no light privilege in an emotion so sustained. This emotion perhaps it is that most makes me, to the end, stick to Mr. Gissing—makes me, with an almost nervous clutch, quite cling to him. I shall not know how to deal with him, however, if I withhold the last outrage of calling him an interesting case. He seems to me above all a case of saturation, and it is mainly his saturation that makes him interesting—I mean especially in the sense of making him curious. The interest would be greater if his art were more complete; but we must take what we can get, and Mr. Gissing has a way of his own. The great thing is that his saturation is with elements that, presented to us in contemporary English fiction, affect us as a product of extraordinary oddity and rarity: he reeks with the savor, he is bowed beneath the fruits, of contact with the lower, with the lowest, middle-class, and that is sufficient to make him an authority—*the* authority in fact—on a region vast and unexplored.

The English novel has, as a general thing, kept so desperately, so nervously clear of it, whisking back compromised skirts and bumping frantically against obstacles to retreat, that we welcome as the boldest of adventurers a painter who has faced it and survived. We have had low life in plenty, for, with its sores and vices, its crimes and penalties, misery has color enough to open the door to any quantity of artistic patronage. We have shuddered in the dens of thieves and the cells of murderers, and have dropped the inevitable tear over tortured childhood and purified sin. We have popped in at the damp cottage with my lady and heard the quaint rustic, bless his simple heart, commit himself for our amusement. We have fraternized, on the other hand, with the peerage and the county families and staid at the fine old house till exhausted nature has, for this source of intoxication, not a wink of sociability left. It has grown, the source in question, as stale as the sweet biscuit with pink enhancements in that familiar jar of the refreshment counter from which even the attendant young lady in black, with admirers and a social position, hesitates to extract it. We have recognized the humble, the wretched, even the wicked; also we have recognized the "smart." But save under the immense pressure of Dickens we have never done anything so dreadful as to recognize the vulgar. We have, at the very most, recognized it as the extravagant, the grotesque. The case of Dickens was absolutely special; he dealt intensely with "lower middle," with "lowest" middle, elements, but he escaped the predicament of showing them as vulgar by showing them only as prodigiously droll. When his people are not funny who shall dare to say what they are? The critic may draw breath as from a responsibility averted when he reflects that they almost always *are* funny. They belong to a walk of life that we may be humorous, but must never be serious, about. We may be tragic, but that is often but a form of humor. I seem to hear Mr. Gissing say: "Well, dreariness for dreariness, let us try Brondesbury and Pinner; especially as, in the first place, I know them so well; as, in the second, they are the essence of England; and, as, in the third, they are, artistically speaking, virgin soil. Behold them glitter in the morning dew."

So he *is* serious—almost imperturbably—about them, and, as it turns out, even quite manfully and admirably sad. He has the great thing: his saturation (with the visible and audible common) can project itself, let him get outside of it and walk round it. I scarcely think he stays, as it were, outside quite as much as he might; and on the question of form he certainly strikes me as staying far too little. It is form, above all, that is talent, and if Mr. Gissing's were proportionate to his knowledge, to what may be called his possession, we should have a larger force to reckon with. That—not to speak of the lack of intensity in his imagination—is the direction in which one would wish him to go further. Our Anglo-Saxon tradition of these matters remains surely, in some respects, the strangest. After the perusal of such a book as *The Whirlpool* I feel as if I had almost to explain that by "these matters" I mean the whole question of composition, of foreshortening, of the proportion and relation of parts. Mr. Gissing, to wind up my reserves, is guilty of an almost fatal abuse of colloquy; though I hasten to add that this abuse is so general a sign, in these days, of the English and the American novel as to deprive a challenge of every hope of credit. It is attended, visibly—that is, visibly to those who can see—with two or three woful results. If it had none other it would still deserve arraignment on the simple ground of what it crowds out—the golden blocks, themselves, of the structure, the whole divine exercise and mystery of the exquisite art of presentation.

The ugliest trick it plays, at any rate, is its effect on that side of the novelist's effort—the side of most difficulty and thereby of most dignity—which consists in giving the sense of duration, of the lapse and accumulation of time. This is altogether, to my view, the stiffest problem that the artist in fiction has to tackle, and nothing is more striking at present than the blankness, for the most part, of his indifference to it. The uncontrolled multiplication of talks is the last thing to strengthen his hand. Such an expedient works exactly to the opposite end, absolutely minimizing, in regard to time, our impression of lapse and passage. That is so much the case that I can think of no novel in which it prevails as giving at all the sense of the gradual and the retarded—the stretch of the years in which developments really take place. The picture is nothing unless it is a picture of the conditions, and the conditions are usually hereby quite omitted. Thanks to this perversity, everything dealt with in fiction appears at present to occur simply on the occasion of a few conversations about it; there is no other constitution of it. A few hours, a few days seem to account for it. The process, the "dark backward and abysm," is really so little reproduced. We feel tempted to send many an author, to learn the rudiments of this secret, back to his Balzac again, the most accomplished master of it. He will learn also from Balzac, while he is about it, that nothing, furthermore, as intrinsic effect, so much discounts itself as this abuse of colloquy.

"Dialogue," as it is commonly called, is singularly suicidal from the moment it is not directly illustrative of something given us by another method, something constituted and presented. It is impossible to read work even as interesting as Mr. Gissing's without recognizing the impossibility of making people at once talk so much and talk with the needful differences. The thing, so far as we have got, is simply too hard. There is always, at the best, the author's voice to be kept out. It can be kept out for occasions; it cannot be kept out always. The solution, therefore, is to leave it its function, for it has the supreme one. This function, properly exercised, averts the disaster of the blight of the colloquy really in place—illustrative and indispensable. Nothing is more inevitable than such a blight when, antecedently, the general effect of the process has been undermined. We then want dialogue—want dialogue only. But, proportionately, it doesn't come—it isn't there. It has been fatally cheapened. There is no effect, no relief.

I am writing a treatise when I meant only to give a glance; and it may be asked if the best thing I find in Mr. Gissing is, after all then, but an opportunity to denounce. The answer to that is that I find two other things—or should find them, rather, had I not deprived myself, as usual, of proper space. One of these is the pretext for speaking, by absolute rebound, as it were, and in the interest of vivid contrast, of Pierre Loti; the other is a better occasion still, an occasion for the liveliest sympathy. It is impossible not to be affected by the frankness and straightness of Mr. Gissing's feeling for his subject, a subject almost always distinctly remunerative to the ironic and even to the dramatic mind. He has the strongest, deepest sense of common humanity, of the general struggle and the general gray, grim comedy. He loves the real, he renders it, and though he has a tendency to drift too much with his tide, he gives us, in the great welter of the savorless, an individual manly strain. If he only had distinction he would make the suburbs "hum." I don't mean, of course, by his circulation there—the effect Ibsen is supposed to have on them; I mean objectively and as a rounded whole—as a great theme treated. I am ashamed of postponing *Ramuntcho*, for *Ramuntcho* is a direct recall of the beauty of *Pêcheur d'Islande* and *Mon frère Yves*—in other words, a literary sensation of the most exquisite order. Perhaps indeed it is as well that a critic *should* postpone—and quite indefinitely—an author as to whom he is ready to confess that his critical instinct is quite suspended. Oh, the blessing of a book, the luxury of a talent, that one is only anxious not to reason about, only anxious to turn over in the mind and to taste! It is a poor business perhaps, but I have nothing more responsible to say of Loti than that I love him. I love him when he is bad—and Heaven knows he has occasionally been so—more than I love other writers when they are good. If, therefore, he is on the whole quite at his best in *Ramuntcho* I fear my appreciation is a sentiment almost too personal for this kind of exposure. I can give it no more coherent form than to say that he makes the act of tasting one of the joys that, as things mainly go, a reader must be pretty well provided to afford not to jump at. And yet there are readers, apparently, who *are* so provided. There are readers who don't jump and are cocksure they can afford it. My private conviction remains that they are wrong—that, at a time so imperfectly solvent, literally nobody can. I defy it not to tell somewhere—become a gap one can immediately "spot."

It is well to content one's self, at all events, with affection; so stiff a job, in such a case, is understanding or, still more, explanation. There is a kind of finality in Loti's simplicity—if it even *be* simplicity. He performs in an air in which, on the part of the spectator, analysis withers and only submission lives. Has it anything to do with literature? Has it anything to do with nature? It must be, we should suppose, the last refinement either of one or of the other. Is it all emotion, is it all calculation, is it all truth, is it all humbug? All we can say, as readers, is that it is, for ourselves, all experience, and of the most personal intensity. The great question is whether it is emotion "neat" or emotion rendered and reduced. If it be resolved into art, why hasn't it more of the chill? If it be sensibility pure, why isn't it cruder and clumsier? What is exquisite is the contact of sensibility made, somehow, so convenient—with only the beauty preserved. It is not too much to say of Loti that his sensibility begins where that of most of the fraternity ends. If, moreover, in effect, he represents the triumph of instinct, when was instinct ever so sustained and so unerring? It keeps him unfailingly, in the matter of "dialogue," out of the overflow and the splash. It is a joy to see how his looseness is pervaded after all by proportion. **Henry James.**

FAIRMOUNT PARK'S NEW ESPLANADE.

THERE is no healthier characteristic in modern American life than the care which is bestowed upon the extension of public parks and boulevards, and the utilization and enhancement of natural advantages. It is a complete refutation of the charge that we are occupied wholly in the pursuit of the dollar, and bespeaks even more than a hearty love of the beautiful, for it shows that our patriotism is large enough to include a solicitude for those who will come after us. The example set by the national government in the charming park system of Washington and the unrivalled grandeur of Yellowstone Park has been followed by all our big cities in a way that excites the admiration and envy of the Old World, where the conditions are not so favorable to extensive and systematized treatment. The picture on page 758 shows Philadelphia's latest accomplishment in this direction. The eastern and western banks of the Schuylkill River in Fairmount Park, stretching from the Girard Avenue Bridge southward to a point where the river leaps down a deep dam-breast to tide-level, has been reclaimed. What was recently an unsightly expanse of swamp and scrub has been converted, by filling, into a noble driveway, bordered by a sloping terrace fifty feet high, which is surmounted by an esplanade. Adjoining the driveways are "rambles," fringed with shade trees, for the benefit of pedestrians. The magnitude of the undertaking can be more appreciated when one remembers that the grade of the esplanade has been raised sufficiently high to carry it over the New York division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and that an uninterrupted terrace sweeps from the Girard Bridge to the most beautiful part of West Philadelphia.

Some work still remains to be done. The steamboat landing is already connected with the drive and esplanade by broad granite stairways, but the old building is to be torn down and a handsome structure erected, which will be in character with the new surroundings. A historic landmark is also to be removed. The old Schuylkill Navigation Company's locks will be filled in, and the lock-house, built early in the century, torn down to make way for the lower driveway, which skirts the river, and at this point crosses over the hills and joins the esplanade.

As a specimen of landscape art this great work is very successful. The river, between its stone embankments, is now a stretch of ornamental lake, which, with the architectural features of the bridge, driveway, and esplanade, and the formal expanse of terrace, composes most agreeably against the leafy background of the park. As an addition to the boulevard system it will be an incalculable boon. These new driveways will connect, by way of Thirtieth Street Boulevard and West Philadelphia, with all the bridges crossing the Schuylkill River, and with the extreme boundaries of Fairmount Park, the Falls of the Schuylkill, Wissahickon, Germantown, Chestnut Hill, Roxboro, and all the handsome suburban sections bordering on the park. Along with the recently established park trolley system, which crosses the river midway between the east and west portions of Fairmount, this new esplanade, terrace, and driveway is one of the greatest undertakings the Park Commissioners have yet accomplished.

When shall we be able to chronicle that the Palisades are saved to posterity, and that the western shore of the Hudson has its driveway?

THIS BUSY WORLD

One of the phenomena that we must expect as a consequence of the news that Herr Andrée and his balloon have actually made a start is a sudden stimulation of the propensity of the people of the Western States to see objects floating in the air. Already a report from the extreme Northwest has been in the newspapers which recorded the belief of some supposed observers that they had seen Andrée; but that must have been a premature flight of the imagination, since Andrée and his companions were due about that time at the north pole. It would seem that the gold-miners of Alaska are as well situated as any one to claim an early view of Andrée and his craft; but their imaginations are working in a different direction, and they are less likely than idler people to sight a balloon that is not there. The proximity of a telegraph station seems to help watchers to believe they have seen something, and that aid the miners lack.

Boston gave Lieutenant Peary an enthusiastic send-off on July 19. At nine o'clock in the morning there was a crowd of 2000 persons at the wharf to see the *Hope* start. She got under way amid volleys of cheers, and went down the harbor to the tooting of steam-whistles. It will be remembered that her trip this year is only a preliminary voyage for the establishment of a colony in Whale Sound; but Whale Sound, on the northwestern coast of Greenland, several hundred miles beyond Upernavik, is pretty far north, and from there to the north pole is only a little trip of about a thousand miles.

Mr. W. J. Ashley, who writes in the *Atlantic Monthly* about "Jowett and the University Ideal," falls into a discussion of the need that university professors should not be so constantly busied with teaching as not to have leisure for original research. In commenting on the advantages and drawbacks of Harvard in this particular he finds a good deal to lament, and even dares to enumerate as "still another danger" "the pecuniary temptation—hardly resistible by weak human nature — to repeat college lectures to the women students of Radcliffe."

This view of Radcliffe, as an institution that tempts Harvard professors to give time and energy to teaching women which should be devoted to work of real importance, is novel, and, objectionable as it may seem, it may have some reasonable basis. "To be sure," adds Mr. Ashley, perhaps by way of apology, "the present Radcliffe system is but a makeshift, and an unsatisfactory one."

The "Idler" of the *Evening Post* complains of the indisposition of the native-born American to continue in the sphere of life in which he is born—unless, indeed, it happens to be a satisfactory one. He grumbles because he thinks all the American boys seem to want to keep in the line of succession to the White House, and, aspiring to the best jobs, neglect and too often despise those that are available. They don't like to wear liveries and they rarely make good servants, and the "Idler" chides them for their indocility.

But no amount of chiding is going to cure this American-born disposition. It has its great drawbacks and inconveniences, and also its good points. Out of the millions who aspire to a more independent and remunerative vocation than their fathers enjoyed, a good many make a fair proportion of their dreams come true. That is the good point. The bad point is that some aspire too high for their strength and their intelligence, and wind up in a worse position than if they had been content with less.

After all, the race is usually to the swift; victory, in the long-run, is to the strong; and the superior people may be trusted to come to the top. Let us not worry unduly about the restlessness and bumptiousness of the native Americans. It is not really a bad quality in the atmosphere of a country that it makes all comers hope for the best. Events are stronger than homilies, and experience will teach its lessons even to the citizens of a republic. As the country fills up and habits become more settled, the propensity to migration will doubtless lessen, and we will all be somewhat more disposed to follow on in the parental tracks, and to stick to them until we have demonstrated a capacity for something better.

The new Yorkville branch of the New York Free Circulating Library thinks it has broken the library record for the quick development of a large circulation. It opened in quarters at Seventy-ninth Street and Second Avenue with 2000 books. Within two weeks its circulation for a single day was 556. It is adding to its stock of books, but still finds it difficult to keep any books on its shelves. In view of the extreme briskness of its business, the Yorkville branch discloses its eagerness to receive gifts of books. It gives notice that "any one who wishes to see an interesting sight will do well to visit 1523 Second Avenue in 'rush hours,' say 12 to 1 P. M., and in the evening."

In an article in the Weekly of July 3, about Paul Jones and his fight with the *Serapis*, Mr. H. F. Keenan says:

> The family name of the great admiral was Paul. For some reason, never satisfactorily stated, Jones was added when John Paul, the father, married Jean MacDuff.

A reader of the Weekly sends to it a clipping made last year from the Wilmington (North Carolina) *Messenger*, which gives the following account of the derivation of the Jones in Paul Jones's name:

> His real name was John Paul only, but he himself added the name Jones, in compliment to the Hon. Willie Jones, of Halifax, North Carolina, whom he visited in his youth, and for whom and his accomplished wife, born Montfort, John Paul entertained the greatest admiration and affection. It was on the recommendation of the Hon. Willie Jones that John Paul was commissioned a lieutenant in the United States navy, in December, 1775; and as he owed his commission to the State, and adopted the name of one of her most prominent citizens, he may be said, in so far at least, to be a North Carolinian.

Colonel Higginson's new American hymn, which, as set to music by Mr. C. C. Converse, first appeared in the Weekly, was sung from sheets furnished by Harper & Brothers, on July 5, in Independence Square, Philadelphia, by the chorus of the Society of the War of 1812. It has since been published in sheet form by Oliver Ditson & Co., who pay royalties to author and composer. Mr. Converse writes that he intends to assign his royalty interest to the societies of the Sons of the Revolution and of the Colonial Wars, which will doubtless be thereby stimulated to promote the adoption of the hymn as a national anthem.

In choosing the shore of Lake Champlain for his summer home Major McKinley shows himself a true fresh-water President, to whom the charms of the beautiful inland lakes appeal more strongly than blue-fish, fogs, and the salt smells of the ocean. Bluff Point, on Lake Champlain, where he has settled himself for the dog-days, is on the New York shore, about an hour's sail from Burlington, Vermont. No doubt we shall hear as much of Lake Champlain for the next year or two as we have been used in years past to hear of Buzzards Bay. There is plenty to be said, and there are those who do not hesitate to say it. The residents of Burlington, for example, are ready at any time to declare, and to maintain by sworn depositions and comparisons, that their town commands the most ecstatic water view in the world. They compare the Burlington water-front with the Bay of Naples, admitting a likeness, but claiming that they have the best of the comparison.

The Church of the Strangers, in Mercer Street, between Eighth Street and Waverly Place, was built in 1834, upon leased land belonging to the Sailor's Snug Harbor estate. Now the lease has expired, the congregation has notice to move, and the church is to be torn down to make way for a secular building. This is the church that Commodore Vanderbilt bought for $50,000 and gave to Dr. Charles F. Deems. How the gift came to be made is an interesting story, which is well told in a biography of Dr. Deems that was lately published. Dr. Deems came to New York from the South, after the war, to start a weekly paper. In such time as he could spare from the somewhat engrossing business of publishing a new paper without capital, he gathered a congregation, largely made up of strangers, or new-comers to New York, like himself, to whom presently he held forth regularly on Sunday mornings in a hall of the old University Building. He fell in after a time with Commodore Vanderbilt, who lived in that neighborhood, and the Commodore liked him, and finding that he wanted a church and intended to raise money to buy one, he bought the Mercer Street church and gave it to him as a personal gift. So for twenty-five years Dr. Deems owned the church he preached in, though before his death he deeded it to trustees for his congregation. The congregation which he gathered still holds together, and intends to have a new building somewhere near the site of the old one.

Every one who cares anything about the Congressional Library is grateful to Librarian Young for his appointment of Thorvald Solberg, of Boston, to be register of copyrights. Mr. Solberg was employed in the Congressional Library for thirteen years, but eight years ago went to Boston, where he has since been engaged in business. His appointment was urged by the Authors' Copyright League, and by many leading publishing-houses.

The University Settlement Society of No. 26 Delancey Street rejoices in the prospect of a new five-story building, to cost $100,000, and to occupy a lot 67 feet by 80 on the corner of Rivington and Eldridge streets. In the basement of it is to be a gymnasium and swimming-bath; on the first floor, a branch of the Provident Loan Association; on the second floor, a library and a hall for dances, lectures, and other entertainments; on the third floor, club-rooms for grown people and play-rooms for children; and on the fourth and fifth floors, living-rooms for the resident workers. On top of all will be a roof garden. The architects of this building are stated to be Messrs. Stokes and Howells, both at present students of architecture in Paris, and the junior member of the firm the Mr. John Howells to whose successful studies allusion was made in the Weekly a fortnight ago.

Miss Jean Ingelow, who died in London on July 19, was not as continuous in her literary activities as Mrs. Oliphant, and has published little during the last fifteen years, but she was very well known and appreciated in this country, where not less than 100,000 copies of her poems have been sold and more than 35,000 copies of her prose writings. Her *Songs of Seven* are familiar in thousands of American homes. *Off the Skelligs* and others of her novels have been widely read. She was born in 1830, in Boston, Lincolnshire, England. Her father, William Ingelow, was a banker; her mother, a Scotch woman. Her home for many years has been in London, where she lived in Old Kensington, in a big brick house of the time of Queen Anne, standing well back from the street, with flowers and shrubs about it. Her first volume of poems appeared in 1863, and had an immediate success, running quickly through a score of editions.

Edward Charles Baring, Baron Revelstoke, senior partner of the banking-house of Baring Brothers, who died in England on July 18, is interesting (like Steve Brodie) because of the great distance he dropped. He was born in 1828, and was admitted while still a young man to the family firm. It was a great firm, that had included some famous statesmen, among them Lord Revelstoke's uncle, Alexander Baring, Lord Ashburton, who in 1841 negotiated with Daniel Webster the so-called Ashburton treaty. Edward Baring, devoting himself to finance, became the head of the firm, and in 1885 was raised to the peerage. It seems, however, that his judgment did not always inspire confidence, since one of his partners, Mr. Thomas Baring, so distrusted his schemes that he withdrew from the firm, taking his money with him. Between 1885 and 1890 Baron Revelstoke was a great power, with an income of $200,000 a year, a famous art collection, a magnificent country-seat in Devon, and a new and splendid town-house. Report at that time took note of the probability that he would be made a duke, and that his eldest son would marry the second daughter of the Prince of Wales. Suddenly, in 1890, came the slump in Argentines, which hit the Barings so hard that only the intervention of the Bank of England saved them from bankruptcy. In the course of several years they succeeded in paying off debts of $100,000,000, but meanwhile Lord Revelstoke came down to plain living on $15,000 a year, sold his new London house to Baron Hirsch, and sent his art collection to the auction-rooms. It is a great story, the tale of the collapse of the Barings. Few chapters of financial history are more stirring or better reading.

The most satisfactory newspaper reading that offers in this season of languor and suspended energy are the stories of returning prosperity in the West. It is important to all the country that the West should feel a great deal better than it has felt for some years past, and every despatch that talks of great crops in Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Washington, and all the great Northwestern States gives comfort to Eastern readers. If there is such a thing as glutting the West with prosperity they want to see it done. At any rate, they want to see such a distribution of standard dollars in the uneasy States as may revive the interest of the people of those States in the exchange value of the dollars which they get. With the price of wheat in the eighties, great crops in the United States, and a great demand from foreign parts, there is reason to hope that the yearning for fifty-cent dollars may abate from our midst.

Good reading, too, as far as they go, are the tales of the gold discoveries in Alaska. There are objections to all proposals to supersede gold by an increased use of silver, but no one seems disturbed by any possibility or prospect of an over-production of gold. More gold than the world knows what to do with is what the honest-money man thinks he would just like to see, and every miner's pick that strikes a nugget seems to him a blessed implement and well employed.

The reports of the Ashburnham Library sale, which began in London on June 24 and lasted eight days, though of great interest to book-collectors, is not of especial significance to other people. The Gutenberg Bible of the collection brought £4000 from Mr. Quaritch, which was an advance of £600 on the purchase price. Biblia Pauperum, an original block book estimated to be of the fifteenth century, brought £1050. A Latin Bible dated 1642, the first printed with a date, brought £1500. Sixteen hundred and eighty-three lots brought $150,000. Their cost had been recorded, and amounted to $60,000, so the late earl who got the library together must be considered to have done a good stroke of business.

Doane College, in Crete, Nebraska, which celebrated this year the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation, has in several particulars an excellent title to notice and respect. It is satisfied with being a college and doing a college's work, and does not aspire to be a university. In the whole twenty-five years of its existence it has only conferred one honorary degree, and that one (A.M.) went to a distinguished engineer. It has four buildings for general college uses, two dormitories, a library, and the only observatory in that part of the country. Last summer, when the schoolmaster was in such request among Western voters, it kept its library open all the summer for the benefit of students of the current political issues who wanted to learn how to vote. Its professors, too, took a hand in politics and did effective work for sound money and against Bryan, who is personally well known at Crete, and is said to have first made, at a Chautauqua conference held there, the speech which he afterwards repeated at Chicago with such dazzling results.

Lehigh University, like Johns Hopkins, is learning the inexpediency of having all its eggs in one basket. Lehigh's chief, if not its sole, means of support are securities of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, which have paid no dividends for three years past. The university can economize, and has economized even to the extent of closing its library and laying off its choremen, but it cannot live on nothing a year. It has asked the Pennsylvania Legislature for $200,000 to tide it over the hard times, and unless Governor Hastings sees his way to sign the bill making that appropriation, it may have to shut its doors and decline to receive the 500 students whom it expects next fall. It is thirty years since Asa Packer started Lehigh on its educational career, and its friends are exceedingly averse to having its activities checked.

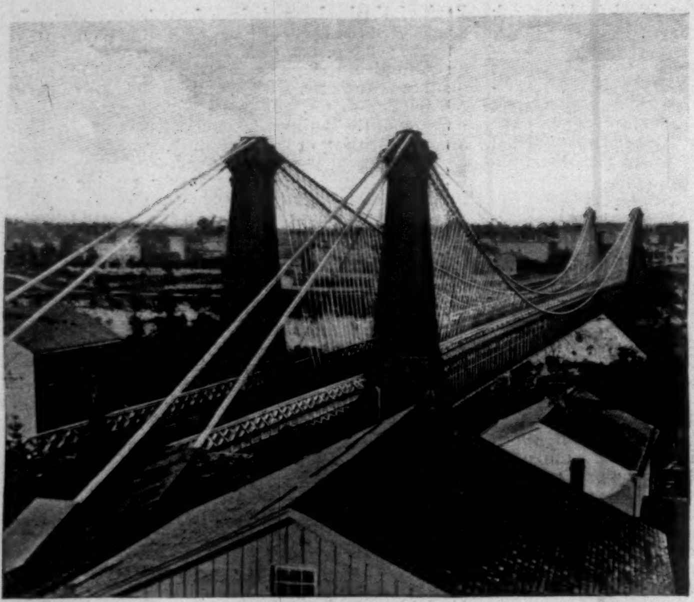
Last week was Jubilee week in Utah. It is fifty years since—on July 24, 1847—the Mormon pioneers came down through Emigration Canyon in the valley where the waters of a lake flowed through a short river into an inland sea. The combination reminded Brigham Young of Palestine and the Jordan, and he accepted the valley as the Mormons' promised land. Of 4000 pioneers of '47, 650 are left. Each of them received last week a gold badge, engraved with Brigham Young's portrait. The celebration, which was military, religious, historical, and social, began on July 20 and lasted through the week.

Utah, as will be remembered, is the youngest State in the Union, to which it was admitted January 4, 1896. Its population, of about 270,000, allows it to be included among the eleven States of which the total combined population is less than that of Greater New York.

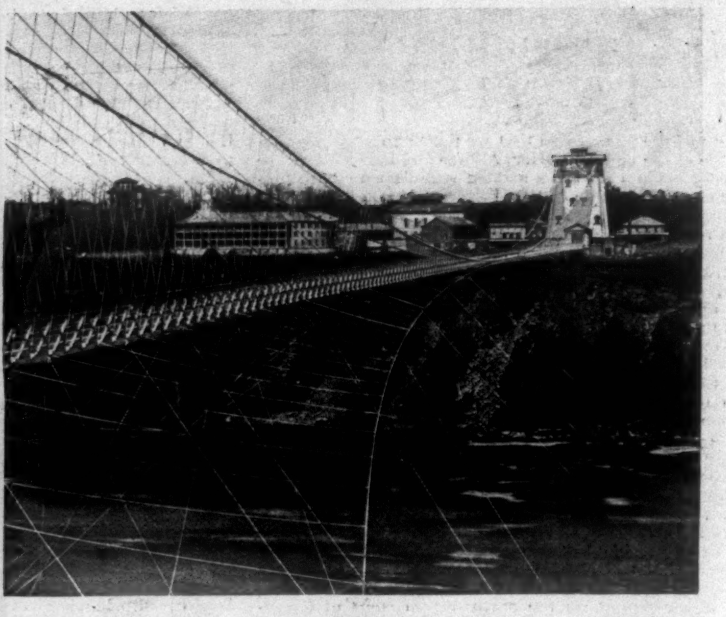
The writer of a recent article in the Weekly on "Public Art in Cincinnati," names as one of the judges in the competition for decorating the new City Hall, "Mr. Duveneck, the head of the department of painting in the schools connected with the Cincinnati Museum of Art." It appears that this is an inaccurate description of Mr. Duveneck, who, although he has taught a class in painting in the Museum of Art, has not been a teacher or officer of the schools which are connected with the museum. The principal of the faculty of the Art Academy of Cincinnati is Professor Thomas S. Noble, who went from New York to take charge of the school when it was founded in 1869.

The new building for the Botanical Gardens in Bronx Park, a picture of which was given in the Weekly of July 17, was designed by Mr. R. W. Gibson, of New York. The architects of the new public library in Erie, Pennsylvania, of which a picture was published in the same number, are Messrs. Alden and Harlow, of Pittsburg. Owing to an oversight the architects' names were not published with these pictures.

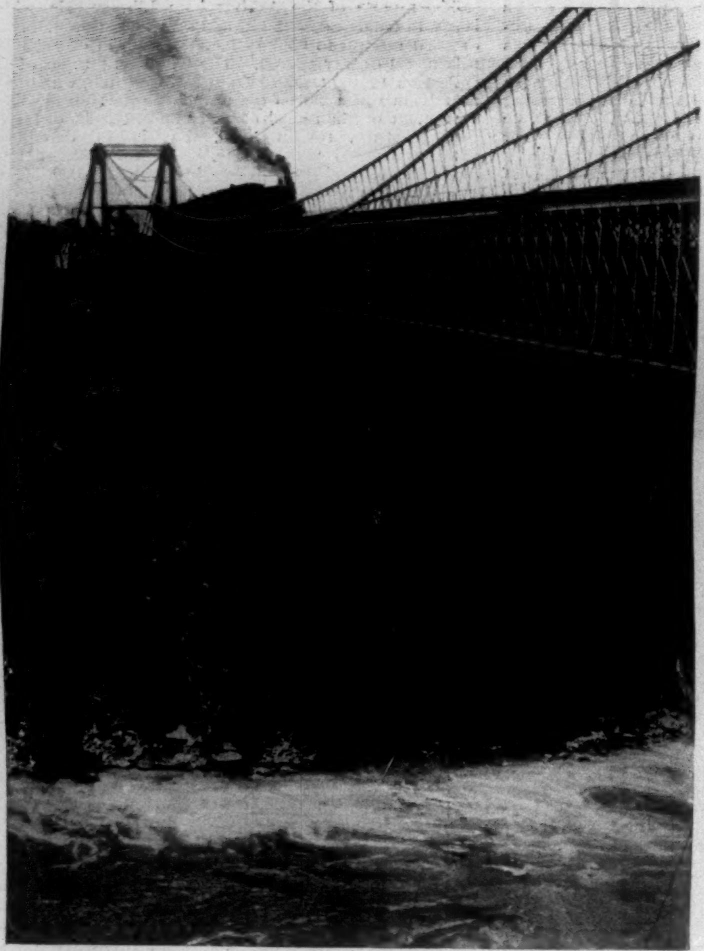
E. S. Martin.



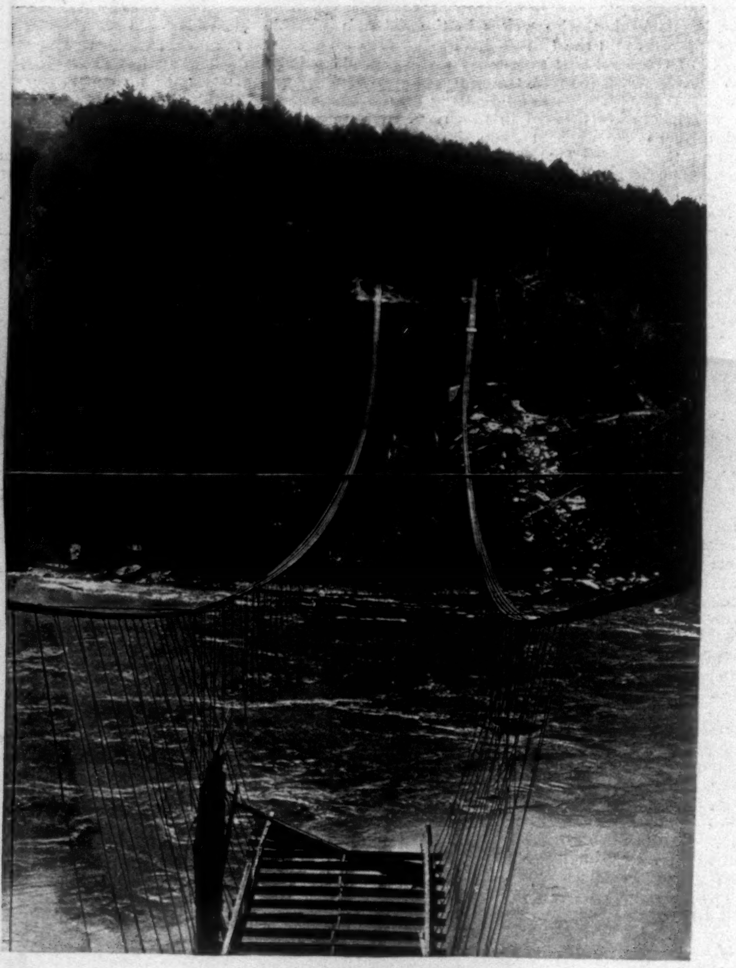
THE RAILWAY SUSPENSION-BRIDGE WHEN FIRST ERECTED ACROSS THE NIAGARA GORGE.



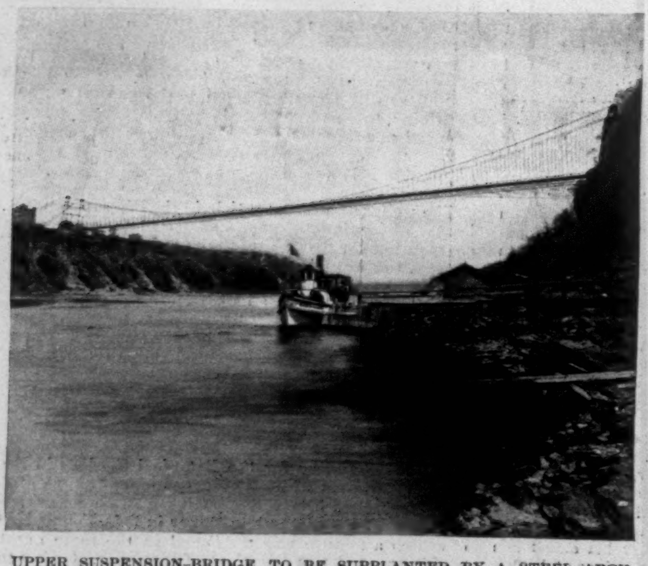
THE FIRST BRIDGE ERECTED ON THE SITE OF THE UPPER SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.



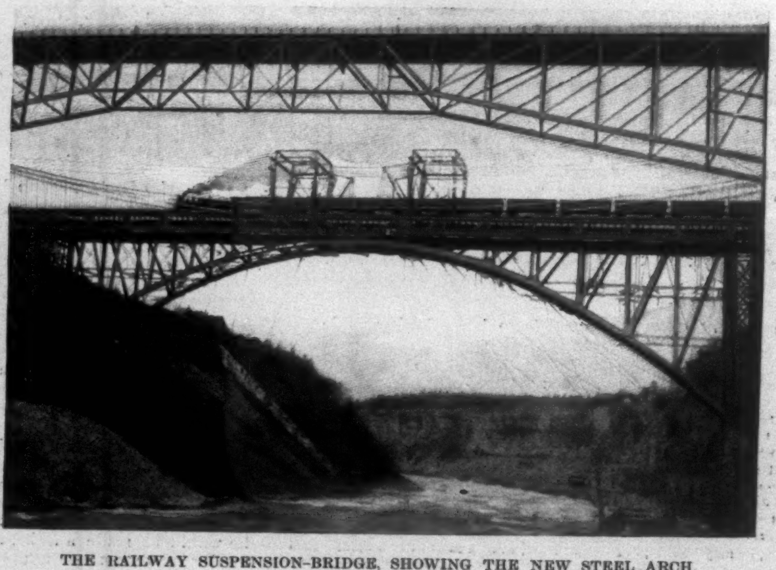
THE RAILWAY SUSPENSION-BRIDGE BEFORE THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE STEEL ARCH.



WRECK OF THE OLD LEWISTON BRIDGE.

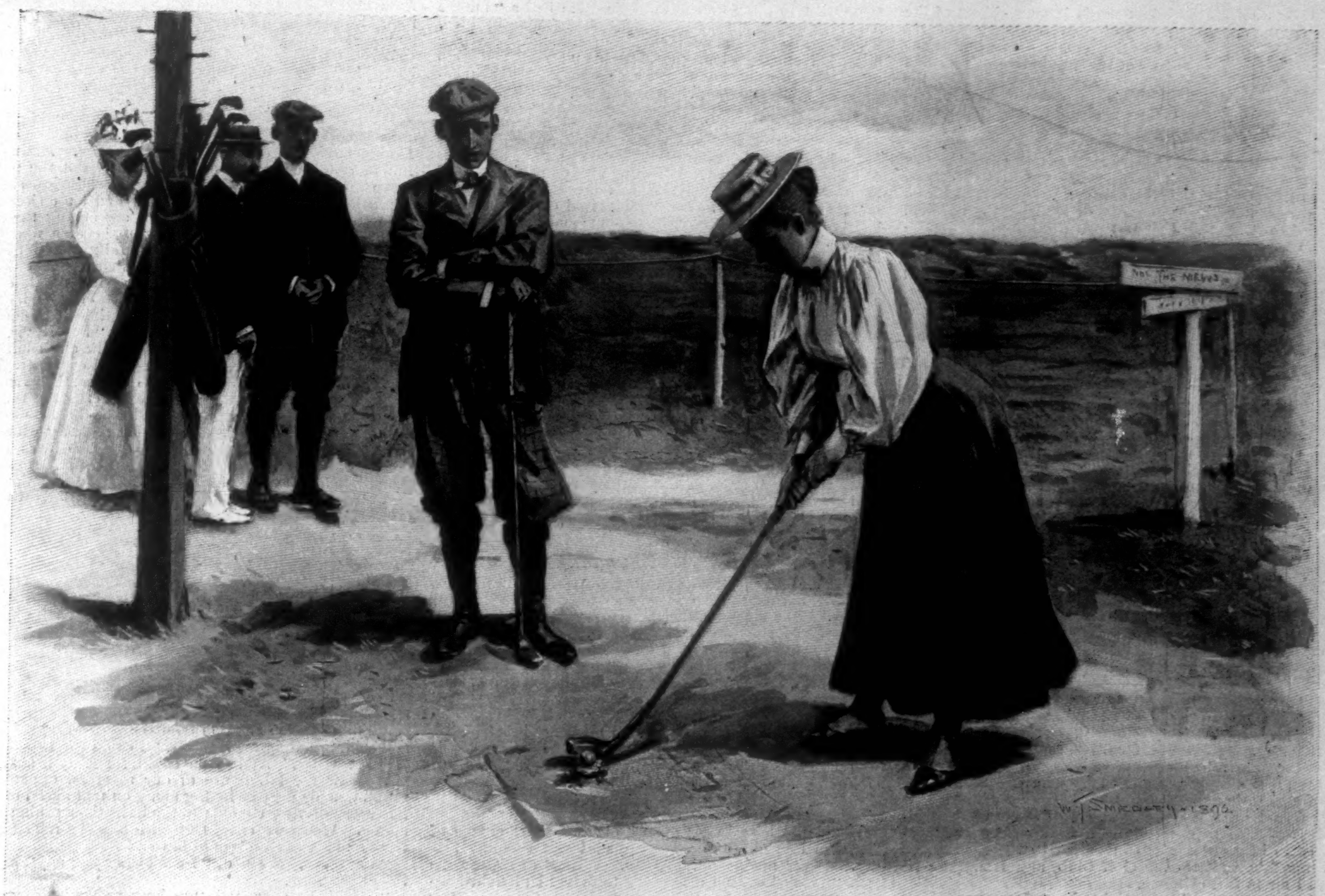


UPPER SUSPENSION-BRIDGE, TO BE SUPPLANTED BY A STEEL ARCH.



THE RAILWAY SUSPENSION-BRIDGE, SHOWING THE NEW STEEL ARCH.

THE PASSING OF THE FAMOUS SUSPENSION-BRIDGES ACROSS THE NIAGARA GORGE.—[SEE PAGE 762.]



COLONEL BOGIE.

A Golf Story.

BY GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

I.

WHEN I discovered that I was really in love with Kitty, I went to see Marian. I had been in love with Marian two years before—not really in love, you know, only hopelessly—and we had remained fast friends. Every young man in our set had to fall in love with Marian, who had slid gracefully from one generation to another without seeming to grow any older. She appeared to have the fountain of eternal youth in her heart; and while those who had been girls with her were either heavy matrons or sour old maids, she was still loved and loving—in fact, perpetually engaged; not because she was enamored of every young chap who proposed to her, but because she was too obliging to say no, and had rather long, slender, graceful arms that seemed designed by nature to twine. Her affairs lasted sometimes a week, sometimes a month, rarely more than two. They left no scars on either side. She and her "exes" remained delightfully chummy. Indeed, she was so pleasantly good-natured, so affable, so absolutely guileless, that mothers actually approved of her as a kind of preparatory school for their sons; while as a chaperon, to quote the very young men, "she was just the cheese."

She and Kitty were about as opposite as two human beings could be. Marian had a certain artistic slapdash; Kitty was trim to the last stitch. Marian was wholly feminine, clinging, and confiding; there was just a touch of the new woman in Kitty, a pinch of mannishness that meant "Keep off the grass" for any sentimental trespasser. And yet I was sure that underneath it all she had the most lovable of natures, the tenderest of hearts. She'd sail over a tennis-court like a swallow, and glide by on her wheel like a dream. But I was willing to stake my all that she'd love like a goddess—that, whoever won her, she would be wholly, passionately, exclusively his. But to win her—to own that little heart of hers that beat so gayly, to have it look right at you out of her liquid brown eyes, to know that the clear rush of crimson to her cheeks was for you, to feel that the bright smile with which she raised her face to you was for sheer joy that at last she had been beaten in a love set—how could I hope that I might be the lucky one to possess this sweet, clean, wholesome, well-groomed, joyous creature, who no sooner saw a hand stretched out to catch her than she fluttered away with a laughing grace which made her the more bewitching to the baffled pursuer? Ought I not rather to take warning from Tom Foote's experience with her? Tom's father would have settled a million on him and another on her, and she knew it; but, just when he thought he had her, she clapped a hand on his shoulder, exclaimed, "What a jolly day for a race around the lake!"—this was at Southampton—leaped on her bike, and the last he saw of her the jimmiest pair of russet gaiters, a flash of steel, and a smile were vanishing 'round the corner. Tom, who's a regular leak concerning both himself and others, told me all about it. I felt sorry for him; and yet perhaps not so sorry as I might have, because, you see, I was cramming for my own "prelims" with her—practising up my tennis and learning to wheel; trying to persuade myself that I liked it even better than horseback riding—though I never did and never shall, for it's live flesh and bone and muscle I love to sit astride of and to master. To control a spirited mustang, bronco, or thoroughbred—what gives you a greater sense of power, except perhaps the discovery that a rebellious, athletic little woman, on whom her own capacity for love has not yet even begun to dawn, is beginning to feel your hand?

I suppose she and Marian were such fast friends because they were exact opposites. At all events, I went to my old flame to find out if she thought my altar lamp would trim her wick to burn more brightly for me than for any one else. I was not surprised to find Marian engaged in tying a pink love-ribbon around a bundle of letters and an engagement ring which she was about to return. (Dear me! if she'd kept all her letters and rings, she might have started a paper-mill or a jewelry store.)

"Well, Jack," she said, when I told her what I'd called to see her about (having first helped her tie the love-ribbon in a bow by holding down the knot for her), "she respects you because you shoot and ride better than she does—she's had the brush and mask you won with the Sussex hounds mounted for her room—and she likes you for never making love to her; but whether she'd like you if you did is a question she'll never answer any one but yourself. There's one thing you'll have to learn, though, or you won't stand a chance—golf."

"Golf!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to say I'll have to walk around a field hitting at a quinine pill with a long stick?"

"Well, if that's *your* idea of golf," said Marian, "it isn't Kitty's," and drawing a letter out of her belt, she began reading it to me. You may imagine Kitty's enthusiasm from this sentence:

"'Driving is an art, iron-play a science, putting an inspiration.'"

At that time these terms were Greek to me, but I think the general drift was obvious enough. Then came what she called, "A Few Simple Rules for Beginners":

"'I. In order to play golf well you must begin by pronouncing it as if it were spelt goff.

"'II. Make a friend of Colonel Bogie.

"'III. Don't call a club a stick.

"'IV. Find out the smartest caddie, and try always to have him carry your clubs and make your tee for you.'"

"A regular tea-caddy," I remarked, parenthetically.

"'V. In lofting a stymie—'"

"Stop!" I cried. "I've studied Latin and Greek and have a smattering of Sanskrit, but this belongs to no language, living or dead."

Marian, however, was imperturbable. She continued:

"'VI. If you find yourself dormie—'"

"Marian," I said, "forbear. This sort of thing may do for Choctaws, but we are living in a civilized community."

"Golf does seem to have quite a language of its own," remarked Marian.

"I shall certainly write to the Committee of Ten suggesting that they allow it to be offered as a substitute for Greek at the entrance examinations for college. If this had only been permissible in my day I might have acquired the language; but now, while I shall be happy to assist some day in lofting Colonel Bogie, I shall let a 'stymie' severely alone—at least until I find out what it is."

And now Marian, inspired doubtless by my jealous reference to Colonel Bogie, raised her eyebrows, shook her head critically, and read, with cruel emphasis:

"'Colonel Bogie is the most fascinating and popular man down here. I have a match with him every day—sometimes twice a day.'"

It had been my intention to deliver the packet of letters and the ring for Marian. I did nothing of the kind. I went home. I walked up and down my room, and smashed a grinning little red china devil that mocked me from my bureau.

II.

It is extraordinary how few men object to making fools of themselves in public. I can account for it only on the supposition that they do it unconsciously. I have often congratulated myself that when I made up my mind to play golf I decided to learn the game on grounds near my stables and kennels at Hill Top—one of those pleasing suburbs composed of husbands, wives, and babies. The ages of the babies ranged from one hour to five years; the ages of the parents, from twenty to thirty-five. Between and above these ages all was a blank. Family life was simple. Every morning at 7.28 the husband, still chewing the cud of breakfast (the wife at the window in a wrapper, calling a list of things after him which he was to bring home from the city in the evening), rushed from his house to the depot, boarded the 7.30 express just as it was moving out, and was projected through twenty-one miles of back yards, odoriferous salt meadows, and a tunnel. At half past six in the evening he alighted again at Hill Top, or was gently deposited there at midnight (Saturdays only), in which latter case his efforts to give an air of verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing falsehood were truly pitiable. During the day the wives pushed perambulators and conversed with one another about the babies therein—all this until golf struck Hill Top in some miraculous way, when, lo! it was discovered that nursemaids could push perambulators as well as mothers, that artificial foods for infants were numerous and superior, and that in the end it was more economical to have a seamstress finish up baby's dresses at fifty cents each than to wear one's own fingers and eyes out over them. As indicated above, I had a poor opinion of golf as a game, but I had to acknowledge that it had worked wonders for Hill Top.

Mothers ceased to walk with their hands stretched out in front of them as if they were groping for the handle of a baby-carriage; midnight vigils became things of the past, for the male population of Hill Top got out as early as possible in order to meet the female population at the links. In the early history of the golf club a mother had appeared with a perambulator and a baby, whereupon the executive committee, composed of men and women, *and upon the motion of a woman*, passed a by-law that no one under eighteen years of age be admitted to the club house or links.

It was to these links I hied myself, in order to gain a few points about the game by following the play of others. When I stepped on the club piazza a person whom I took for a servant in livery, because of his bright red jacket, hurried toward me. Just as I was thinking how assiduous in their attentions the Jeemses of this club were, I recognized the features of the leader of the Hill Top's Four Hundred—or, rather, Thirty-seven. Then I recalled that Kitty, in one of the letters which Marian had forwarded to me (probably because of several enthusiastic references to Colonel Bogie), had written of the red blazers worn by golfers, and advised that I get one. "With his quiet tastes," she wrote, "he will doubtless find them rather *outré*, but I'm told they're the swagger thing from the Cheviot Hills to Land's End." I remember how that "I'm told" and the "Cheviot Hills" and "Land's End" riled me. Who told her? Colonel Bogie, of course, who probably, as his name indicated, was a Scotchman, one of those large-framed, heavily bearded, self-contained, middle-aged chaps—just the kind of fellow to impress Kitty. Yes, the reference to the Cheviot Hills and Land's End must have come from him.

Before my red-blazered friend reached me I had taken in the rest of the costume—his baggy knickerbockers, which looked as if he had cut the balloon sleeves off his wife's tailor-made dress and thrust his legs into them; and his rough plaid stockings, which were turned down at the top as if they were that much too long for him—from all of which I formed the opinion that golf costume was as weird as golf language, and, with the dangerous-looking clubs which I saw a caddie bearing in a bag, ought to be exhibited in the Museum of Natural History, among the spears, boomerangs, and feathers of the Fiji-Islanders and other savage tribes. I little knew how comfortable I would find golf attire until I got into it—that is, into all of it but the Britishlike red blazer, which I never *would* wear; for my stables and kennels are right in sight of one of the numerous houses in which George Washington did his great sleeping act—Hill Top having been sliced out of a historic neighborhood.

My friend greeted me effusively. I was only a semi-resident of Hill Top, simply having my stables and kennels there because it was convenient to the city. This was my first visit to the Golf Club, and I suppose he wanted me to feel at home.

"Glad to see you," he exclaimed. "Sorry you didn't come last week, when we had our matches with Colonel Bogie. Of course the colonel beat us. He was nine up with the best of us."

This was a pleasant way for him to open on me, wasn't it? But fortunately he switched off on to professional players, and told me about Willie Park senior, Willie Park junior, Willie Dunne, and Willie this and that, till it seemed that, willy-nilly, a professional golfer must be a Willie of some sort—except that my friend mentioned "Old Tom Morris" in a delightfully familiar way (as if he hadn't only just read of him in some book), and said he was the Dr. Grace of golf—so English, "don'tcher know!"

I now thought it was time for me to say something, so I remarked that it was a pity the links were divided by the railroad, as it marred their picturesqueness. He eyed me sadly, as one who needed to be born again and rebaptized in the faith, and said the railroad track was their best hazard, and the location of the links had been determined upon largely because of it.

I thought this an opportune moment to watch two professional players who were about to begin a match; so I joined the throng behind them, first getting some points about the game from acquaintances, so that I could follow it intelligently. The small square near the club-house with the box of dirt and the watering-pot was the first "teeing-ground." From here there was a sloping descent, then a low stretch, and then a rise to a slab of soft turf. This was the "putting-green," and I was told that in the middle of it was a hole, into which it was the object of the player to place his ball in as few "strokes," or "shots," as possible from the teeing-ground. The first teeing-ground and the first putting-green were about two hundred and fifty yards apart, and constituted the first "hole." All told, there were fourteen holes, covering about two miles. The course was triangular, the home hole being near the club-house—so that the last shot as well as the first was made from near that point.

The two professionals were now on the teeing-ground. Willie No. 1 held out his hands, which were tightly closed. "I call your right!" said Willie No. 2. No. 1 opened his right hand. In it lay a golf-ball. "You have the honor," he said. No. 2's caddie sprinkled the earth in the box with the watering-pot, put a pinch of it about an inch high on the ground, and placed the "globe" lightly on the apex. I had learned that it was an advantage to "have the honor," for if you "foozled" your opponent was apt to do the same, while if you made a long drive the chances were he would get rattled and "press."

No. 2's caddie handed him a "driver"—a long club with a short thick wooden head. Facing the "globe" squarely at right angles, holding himself loosely, his knees slightly bent, he began "addressing." After a preliminary swipe through the air, as if to limber up, he made two or three short passes in front of the ball. This was the "waggle." Then, with an easy sweep, he brought the club back over his shoulders. Down in the hollow was a low breastwork of earth—a "bunker." If the ball fell close to the face of this bunker the player would be obliged to use the "lofter"—a club with a slightly inclined iron head—to "loft" over the bunker, and could make only a comparatively short shot. There was a sudden sweep through the air, a sharp click, and the white ball sailed away like a bird. Now it described its downward curve. Would it clear the bunker? No! Yes! It struck the face, bounded over it, and rolled along to the foot of the further mound. No. 2 followed with a stronger drive, but "drew" to the left and into the "fog"—the longer grass outside the course. No. 2, lying short, now played the "odd" or third shot. It was his "approach," as it should carry him on to the green, where a "putt" or two ought to place him in the hole. He had a "brassie lie," his globe being poised on a bit of turf, a natural tee, whence, if he had had a low stretch of ground to cover, he might have made a long shot with his "brassie"—a club much like the driver. But as he was obliged to "approach" up the mound, he used his "mashie" to raise the ball. He succeeded in "laying" it on the "green," and "dead" for the hole. No. 1 was so near the mound he could not see the green, but a fluttering guide-flag gave him the direction. He made a beautiful shot, his globe dropping on the green, and rolling along until it stopped right between No. 2's ball and the hole.

"Now watch him loft a stymie!" said one of the spectators, as No. 2 gave a gentle wrist-cut; and his ball, clearing No. 1's with a pretty little jump, rolled over the smooth turf and vanished in the hole, which thus was his, "one up"—he leading his opponent by one stroke. I now knew what "lofting a stymie" was, and I found myself wondering if the detestable Colonel Bogie could do it as prettily.

At the twelfth hole No. 2 was "two holes up," and this I was told made him "dormie"; for his opponent, if he won the next two holes, could do no better than "halve" the match with him. He did win the thirteenth, but lost the home hole by a stroke.

Close behind this match were two amateurs engaged in "medal play," in which the players score by the aggregate number of strokes around the course instead of by holes. There were also several "foursomes" or "doubles," as we would call them in tennis, the partners taking alternate strokes off the same ball.

Before I left the links I asked the winner in the professional match if he had ever played Colonel Bogie. Yes, indeed, and lost more often than won; but then the Colonel was wellnigh invincible. His score on these links was 61, and no one else had been able to go around in less than 63. I asked to what nationality the Colonel belonged. He looked at me, as much as to ask, "Are you really in earnest?" (I suppose he thought any one who was allowed to go at large should know what country had the honor of giving birth to such a distinguished individual—these golfers are so enthusiastic) before he answered, with a laugh:

"Scotch—like everything else that's golf."

But golf and Colonel Bogie had filled my heart with a jealous anger that was human, not simply Scotch; and it was with a wrathful determination to beat the Colonel at his own game that I left the links.

III.

It did not take long for me to have a short course of my own laid out, and mighty glad I was that my first efforts were not made in public. Instead of hitting the golf "globe" when I attempted to drive, I ploughed up the terrestrial globe for more than a foot behind it. After various vain essays I managed to touch the ball, but I only "topped" it, so that, instead of sailing gracefully into the air, it dropped a few yards from the tee, and ended its inglorious career with a short roll along the ground. Again and again my efforts were failures. At first I felt like using strong language, then like giving up golf; but I remembered the story of the Scotch minister, who, finding that he could not play golf without swearing, gave it up—that is, the ministry. After a while, however, I did better, for I found that by keeping my eyes on the lower curve of the ball I could strike it there and give it the aerial flight which meant distance. My links were somewhat rough, and had many "cuppy lies," the globe dropping into a little hole or cup in the ground. In this case you have to use one of the iron clubs, so that in making the stroke you cut away some of the earth behind the globe, and I became quite expert in these kinds of shots. I also had a number of bunkers and "approaches" up rising ground, so that I often brought the lofter or mashie into play. I had now succumbed completely to the fascination of the game, which largely lies in your confidence that your next stroke will be better than your last, so that the golfer is one of those blissful creatures who live in perpetual hope. There was no doubt, however, that I was improving, for I was steadily reducing my number of shots around the course. This added to my enthusiasm. A clean click of the globe was like music to me, and I came so much under the spell of the game that I found myself rattling off golf terms to people who had never seen a club, let alone held one in their hands. I even christened the latest litter in my kennels "Brassie," "Mashie," "Niblick," and other golf names (excepting Colonel Bogie), with the result that I disposed of all the pups at Hill Top in less than no time.

In order to find out how my game compared with the play at the local club, I engaged a caddie from there for an afternoon. On the very first hole I was struck with the marvellous score (marvellous, at least, for me) which I was making. True, I'd made some lucky hits, but I'd never played the hole in so few strokes. I kept a careful mental tally on the next hole, and found that the caddie deliberately deducted a stroke. Thus early in my experience I discovered that a "caddie score" is a combination of luck and lying. This being therefore an unsatisfactory method of gauging my game, I determined boldly to sally forth and challenge the best player in the Hill Top Club. I did so, and beat him "five up." It seems this player was pretty well known as an amateur, and my victory was reported in the papers. But I had a more substantial reward in a letter from Kitty, saying that she would like to have me for her partner in the coming "foursomes" championship matches at the Matinicock links, and inviting me to stop at her mother's cottage during the matches. Yet, after all, there was a drop of wormwood in the cup, for she added: "Who knows but that you may yet beat the famous Colonel Bogie, who so far has proved himself invincible here."

I saw Marian before I went down to Matinicock. "Marian," I said, "I wish you would become engaged to Colonel Bogie and remain so."

"I would," she replied, "if I didn't think that possibly Kitty had a prior claim to him."

It was a cruel thrust, but perhaps I deserved it.

IV.

The Matinicock links are the most beautiful in this country, reminding one more of the famous St. Andrews links in Scotland than anything else I have seen this side of the "Western Ocean," as the sailors say. The very term "links" suggests the sea, for it means sand that has ceased from being blown, having found a clinging-place in the roots of grass and heather, or a lasting shelter under grass; and Matinicock is ever swept by the salt wind, for the links lie where Long Island narrows between two broad bays, into one of which runs a point of land, an arm whose hand deftly balances a tall, slender light-house, with the sea tossing beyond.

The links are a series of beautiful mounds and hollows, ribboned with narrow yellow sand roads, which in sunset lights I have seen change to a purple-gray. Matinicock Indian caddies in red sweaters brightly dot the rolling green. Everything is aflutter—the grass, the low shrubs, the little guide-flags, and the ribbons and loose sleeves of the women, who here, as elsewhere, are among the most enthusiastic players, each striving to become a second Lady Margaret Scott. Golf is a "royal game," for kings have delighted in it; but on the Matinicock links one cannot but give credence to the legend of its humble origin—a shepherd striking at stones with his crook—since nothing would be more fitting to the Matinicock landscape than a shepherd gazing seaward from "Ben Nevis," the highest point on the links, while his collie circled around the flock in the hollow, giving tongue at every straggler. Each hole is named. There are, for instance, the "Belfry," called from the pretty little shingle tower at the railroad crossing, where an Indian girl in red tolls a bell so long as a train is within the limits of the links; and the "Cloister," which has its name from the picturesque near-by residence of one of the officers of the National Golf Association, who is such a devotee of the game that he goes down to Matinicock in winter, to wander over the hills with his clubs and caddie. But with all its beauty I found it a coy course, with many cuppy lies in the sand, a perilous hazard in the railroad track, which had to be crossed no less than four times, tricky ruts and hoof-marks in the sand roads, and, as if these were not enough, a number of artificial bunkers eager to catch up your globe and to give you a lofting-stroke or two to get out. These were my impressions of the links from going over them the afternoon before the match to study the lay of the land.

Ours was to be the final match of the series, our opponents having made the best score so far. They were the "Rector" and a lady whom Kitty had just barely defeated around the ladies' course of nine holes. "If I could only get her to go around the men's course," Kitty had said, in telling me about it, "I could tire her out and beat her easily." And so she could, for Kitty is a stayer.

We saw the tall figure of our reverend opponent in rough Canada gray swinging along on foot ahead of us as Kitty was driving me over to the links the morning of the match. When we caught up with him she reined in the mare and asked if he would have a lift.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I can't offer you anything better than a *dos-à-dos!*"

"Well," he answered, "so long as you're one of the does, I don't object."

I suppose, if Colonel Bogie had said that, I would have been ripping; but with the "Rector" rattling it off I thought it a clever bit of repartee and laughed over it.

We passed a cluster of low picturesque cottages. Kitty told me it was the Art Village. A noted American artist has a studio there, and once a week the students bring their work to be criticised. Some of them passed us with slabs of canvas with three stripes of paint—a yellow one for the beach, a green one for the sea, and a blue one for the sky; though sometimes the blue was varied with pink—a sunset effect, I suppose. Kitty remarked that while a number of the students showed great cleverness, many of them worked most laboriously, putting in every blade of grass or leaf. A scene near the Art Village—an old barn and a corn-field—was their special victim.

"Yes," said the "Rector," "some pictures are too good to be true, but theirs are too true to be good."

"Anyhow," I added, "a person shouldn't paint or attempt anything in the way of art unless he has a call from heaven."

"Well," said Kitty, "I'm sure the sooner heaven calls some alleged artists the better for all concerned—except possibly the angels." She touched the mare with the whip, and we drew rapidly away from the barn and cornfield and a group of their torturers.

After getting into my golf clothes I lounged around the club-house sitting-room, waiting for Kitty to appear. On the walls were a number of comic golf prints, one of them with a couple of verses after Goldsmith. Here they are:

When lovely woman tries to volley,
  But finds too late that men won't play,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
  What game can turn her grief away?

The means her spirits to recover,
  To still the jeers of those that scoff,
To fascinate the tardy lover
  And gain his favor, is—to golf.

V.

Our opponents drew the honor, and the "Rector" being noted for his strong drives, his partner persuaded him to take the first shot. "Click!"—the match had begun. The ball sailed past the windmill in the hollow, and was signalled by the "Rector's" forecaddie half-way up the opposite slope, or two-thirds of the "Mews," as the first hole is called. Kitty wanted me to follow. But I insisted on her playing off for us, and I think my confidence in her pleased her. Something else I did also took her fancy. I had an open-face watch, and laying it on the ground, I teed the globe on the crystal. A "scrape" or "schaff" would knock the watch into smithereens, but I knew what to expect of her.

Nothing could be more fetching-looking than Kitty as she faced the globe in her golfing suit. She wore a crisp straw hat ribboned with the club colors, a buff waist, with loose sleazy sleeves that rustled and crinkled in the breeze, a rough grass-cloth tie in a jaunty bow, a russet belt, a short whip-cord skirt faced with leather, Scotch gaiters, and pointed tan shoes. Limber, wiry, and active, her eyes bright with the excitement of the moment, herself the picture of wholesome, eager youth, she addressed the globe. Her preliminary stroke made the air whistle, while her "waggle" was as graceful as the flutter of a bird. With a loose, free sweep she hit "sweet." It was not so long a drive as the "Rector's," but it was perfect for direction, dropping beyond the sandy road and where a long approach shot might lay it on the green. But, while I reached a corner of the green, the "Rector's" partner made a beautiful approach, laying him dead by the hole. It seemed hardly possible that we could do it in less than four to their three; but Kitty made a rapid straight putt into the hole (a "gobble," the "Rector" called it), so that we halved the "Mews" in there—a capital score, by-the-way. They were "one up" at the "Belfry," and the best we could do was to halve the "Crater." This green lies in a hollow, toward which the ground slopes from all sides; and Kitty, with a neat little slice, played a "hanging" ball so that it trickled down the hill, leaving an easy putt for me. After crossing the "Plateau," we were able to knock off our opponents' lead and tie the score at the "Bastion." This is a short hole, only 151 yards. The teeing-ground is perched on a commanding knoll, with a clear view of the flurried bays, the sand hills on the beach, and the gleaming sails of passing ships. Of course in playing you get hardly a chance to look at the lovely views from the Matinicock Hills, but you feel them without looking at them, and there is something exhilarating in the spaciousness with which this panorama of hill and hollow, sea and sky, bursts upon your inner vision. It gives added zest to the play, for you feel as if with every breath you were drawing brine and heather into your lungs. Yes, for ideal golf, give me the Matinicock Hills links!

"THAT NIGHT I SAT ON THE DUNES WITH KITTY AND WATCHED THE MOON RISE."

I think it must have been brine and heather that inspired me to drive from the "Bastion" tee on to the green, and Kitty (whose putting is truly great) to draw a bead right on the hole and putt us in straight as a rifle-shot. Our opponents, on the other hand, foozled into the bunker, and lost a stroke playing out.

We halved the "Cloister," lost one to them on the "Long Acre," but won it back on "Sandy Mount," Kitty driving with the brassie instead of the driver, calculating that she could better play under the ball with the former and clear the railroad embankment, which she did, while our opponents struck the rise and bounded between the rails, thus losing their lead. We now worked up the long ascent over the "Windmill" and the "Brae" to "Ben Nevis," and down again over the "Knoll" and "Round Top," into the "Lowlands," to "Eastward Ho."

We had been playing with varying fortunes, yet wonderfully close, and here on the tee of the sixteenth hole they were three up. It was still anybody's match, but they were playing a strong game, and might hold their lead, or even increase it.

In driving from here the wind drew me to the left, and I lost distance, so that, although I made a lucky pitch right on top of the little mound, which rises like a turfy pyramid from the level, and the ball bounded well up, it dropped almost against the bunker just beyond. But Kitty was equal to the emergency. Lying back against the face of the bunker, and bracing herself by thrusting her heels into the sand, she lofted with a strong wrist and forearm stroke. But for this we would have lost the hole instead of halving it with our opponents. But they were still three up, and only three holes from home.

"Peconic" lies from a high mound to a lower one, two hundred and fifty yards away by ground measure, but nearer in an air-line. A strong drive should carry the player from the tee to the green—he should be "up" in one. The "Rector" was "up" in one, but so was I, and with the next stroke Kitty rolled us into the hole. Our opponents foozled two easy putts, and at the "Dell" they took four to our three, so that we began play on the "Home" hole tied.

This is a short hole, but almost entirely up hill, the green lying on top of a high mound near the club house. A group had gathered to watch the finish, for word of our close play had travelled ahead of us. Well up the mound were the forecaddies perched on a rock.

The "Rector" made one of his grand drives, but no better than Kitty, who dropped our ball in line with his. His partner played the odd. Her approaches throughout the match had been beautiful, and she now prepared for a last effort. Both lies were cuppy, though not badly so. "Take a little earth, madam!" shouted the "Rector," and slicing into the ground half an inch behind the globe, so as not to play out too strongly and drop beyond the green, she laid it dead for the hole, amid the applause of the spectators and a shout of approval from the "Rector."

I knew that the crisis had come, and that the whole brunt of it rested on me. There lay the little white ball half-way up the mound. Could I drop it on the green where one of Kitty's exquisite putts would roll it into the hole? I knew she expected no more of me. If I did that we would halve this match and have another chance. If my stroke was too short or too long we were lost, and I might as well pack up and be off. But I was thrilled with a wild, almost crazy hope.

I clambered up the thirty yards of rise to the green and examined it. I saw it was heavy, and that the ball would drag unless it had plenty of go to it after dropping. Then I placed my forecaddie in line with the hole and went down.

I can still see the picture before me as I looked up the mound before addressing the ball—the bevelled edge of the green, the red cap of the caddie just visible above the rise, the head and shoulders of the tall "Rector," the curving tip of the feather in his partner's Alpine hat, and Kitty, looking down at me from a nigh corner of the green with a smile of encouragement that inspired me with the determination to do or die.

I heard the click, I saw the ball vanish over the bevelled edge, and then I watched Kitty. She gave a little start, there was a shout and a forward move from the onlookers, and then Kitty fairly flew down the hill toward me, and I felt her seize my hand and shake it as if she would wring it off. A moment later the "Rector" clapped me on the shoulder.

This is what had happened: the ball had dropped on the green, given two or three little leaps, just as I had calculated, and then dragged slowly ("Oh, *so* slowly!" Kitty said) straight for and *into* the hole—and the match was ours "one up," our opponents still having to putt.

That night I sat on the dunes with Kitty and watched the moon rise over the sea. I shall not tell you what I said to her and what she answered—but she did not "bike" around the lake this time; and next day, when we drove over to the links, we passed without noticing them the Art Village and even the "Rector" (he congratulated us as soon as he reached the club-house), because we were absorbed discussing a becoming costume for Marian, who was to be maid of honor.

While we were sitting on the club-house piazza, Kitty said: "Jack, you ought to play Colonel Bogie. I believe you can beat him."

"I'm willing to try now. A week ago I should have liked to drive him from the 'Mews' tee into the hole, and then to stop it up so he'd never get out!"

I spoke a bit hotly maybe. Anyhow, she looked at me with questioning surprise. So I said,

"Why did you want to mention him in every letter to Marian, and nearly drive me mad with jealousy?"

She didn't seem to quite understand me. Then a sudden light came into her eyes.

"How long do you think Colonel Bogie's been playing golf?" she asked, with a roguish smile.

"As I don't know him, I can't say," I answered, somewhat testily. "How long?"

"About five hundred years," she said. "Ever since golf began. He's as old as the game, you dear, delicious boy! Don't you know there's a 'bogie score' for every golf course? A professional goes over the links, makes up his mind what would be an extraordinarily good score for them, and that becomes the 'bogie score' for that links. There's been a 'Colonel Bogie' since the year one of golf. The 'bogie score' for Matinicock is eighty-one, and when we start out to do better we're playing against 'Colonel Bogie.' He's an imaginary character—an ideal golfer—like yourself!"

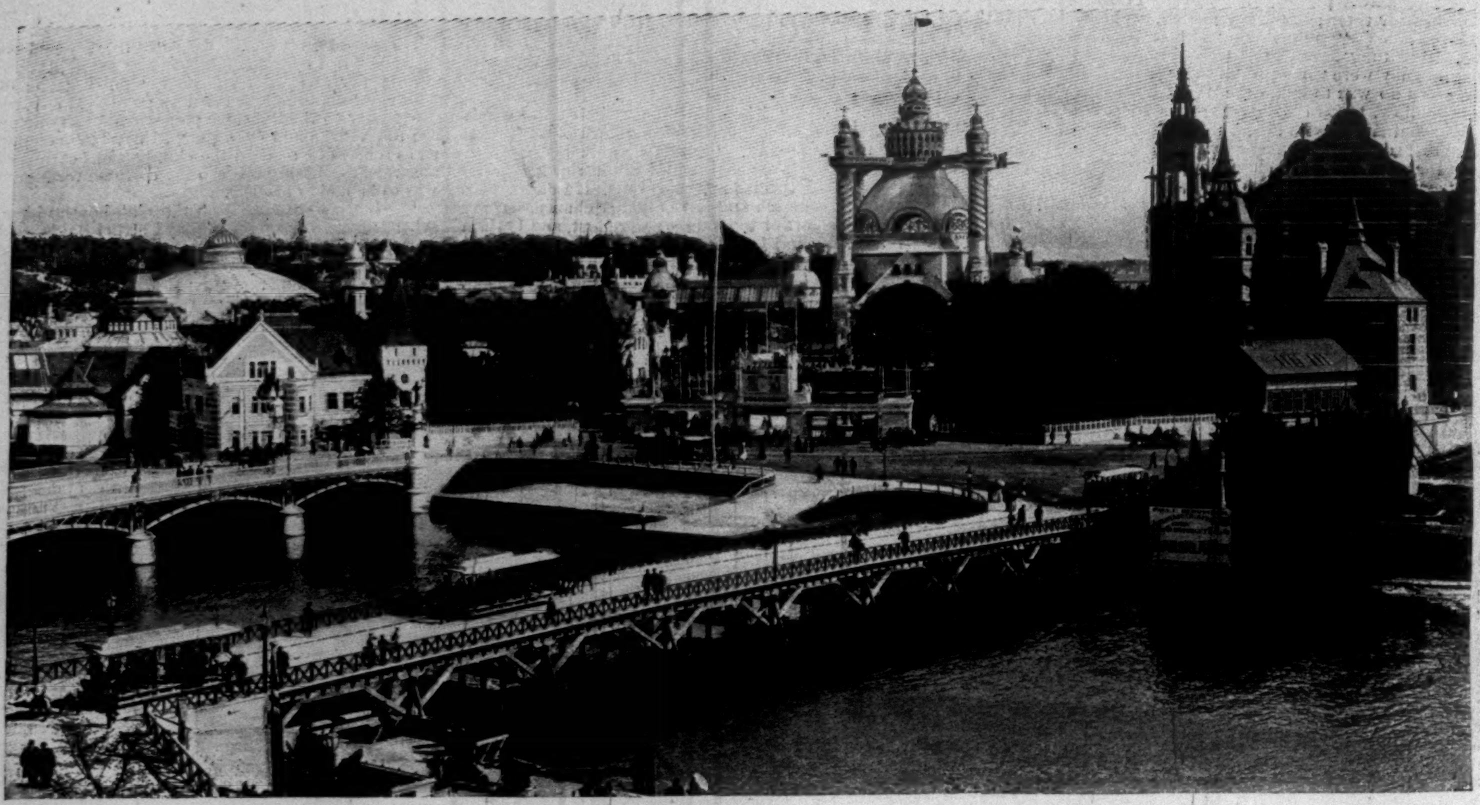
No one was about the club-house. The caddies were lounging down by the "Mews," and the juniors' annex was deserted. There was no one to see us but the sun, and he was, unlike myself, under a cloud. So I kissed Kitty.

MUSIC NOTES.

It is midsummer nearly, but a new comic opera is being tried on the town, and tried on (of all places to give it a frame and to give an audience elbow-room) at the Madison Square Garden, in pretty nearly the unabridged auditorium. The title of the work is *Captain Cook*—which at once and amply hints at what may be its ground-work and local color—as to vegetation and complexions. The libretto is by Mr. Sands W. Forman; the music is by Mr. Noah Brandt—both of San Francisco. Mr. Forman's book is largely an effort to be humorous; but its humor, like the dusky faces of the natives in the chorus, is something monotonous and obscure. Mr. Brandt's score is much the best of the two essentials; it has ideas, and often a clever and graceful expression of them. In such a hall, however, it is scarcely fair to pronounce on what a composer has meant to do or has done. The opera is well enough sung by a large company, and the audience have the unkind advantage in hearing it that if they do not care for it they can retire to the other extremity of the hall, and neither see nor hear it.

There is a good deal in a name. But even with Mr. Seidl's devoted personal following unkindly deprived of the conductor's visible presence—thanks to London and Baireuth—even with the Seidl bâton and back afar, his orchestra's concerts on the Madison Square Garden's roof are popular. Mr. Neundorff's programmes are more skilfully compounded than if they were the strict result of the Seidl prescription—formulas lately grown something too monotonous—and a fine range of grave and frivolous music varies their making-up.

E. I. S.

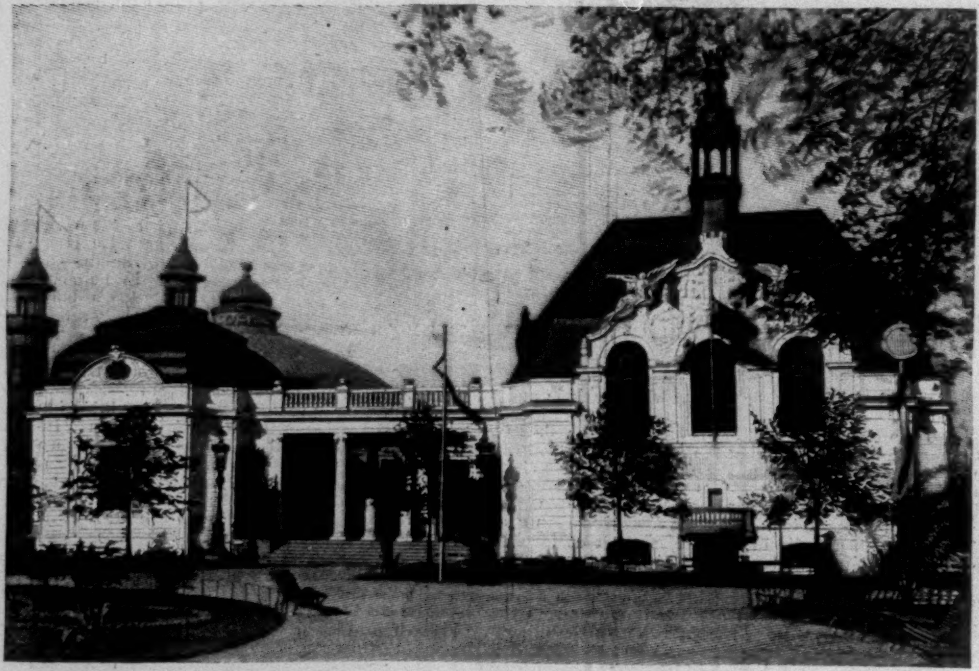


GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUNDS AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE.
Photographed by Axel Lindahls, Stockholm.

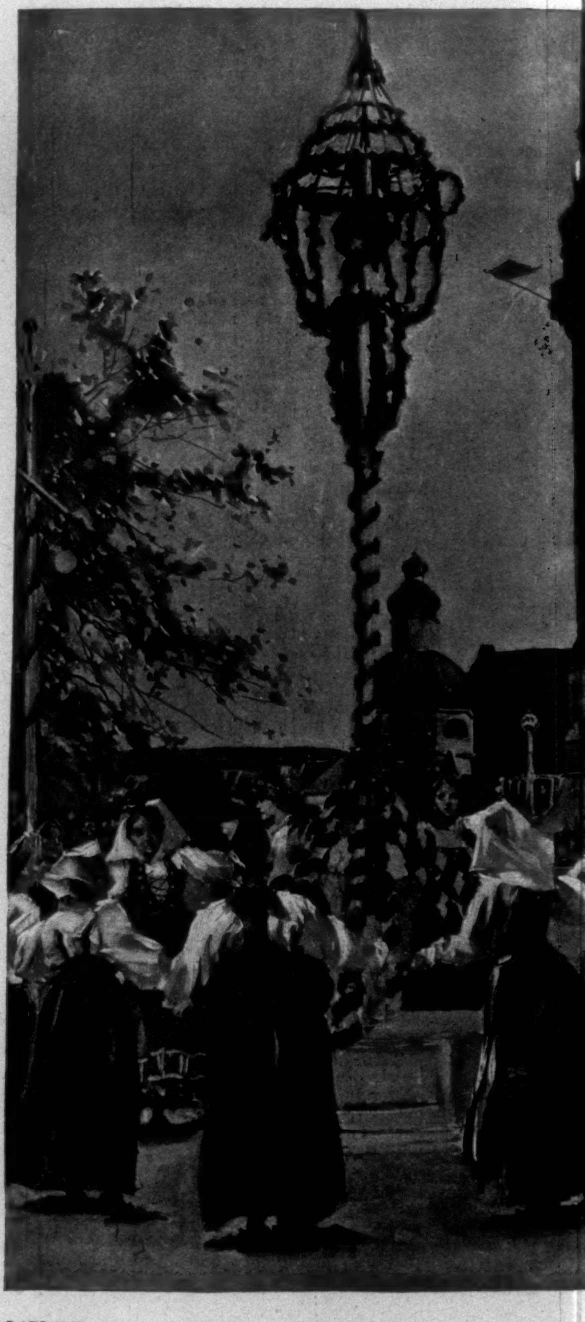
Built in

A PART OF OLD STOCKHOLM,
Showing Group comprising a Laborer, Peasant Girl, Citizen, Boy, and Warder.

A LAPLANDER BOY OF THE BETTER CLASS.
Photographed by K. Stein, Hernösand.

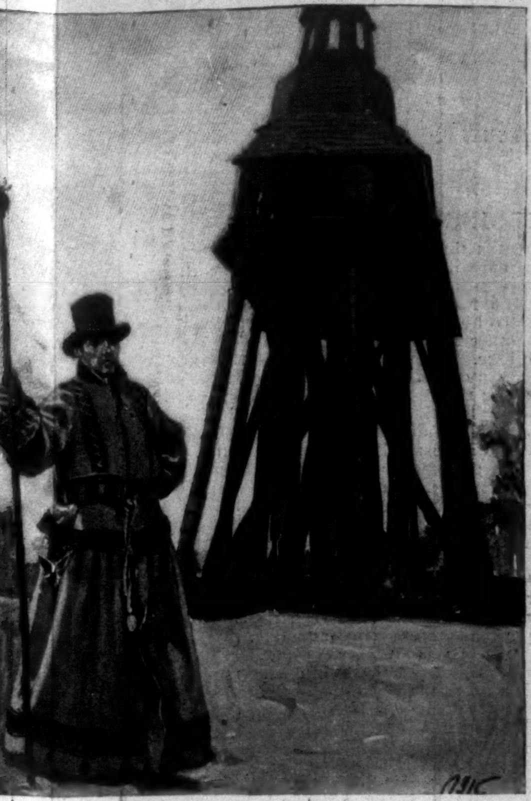


THE CITY OF STOCKHOLM'S EXPOSITION BUILDING.

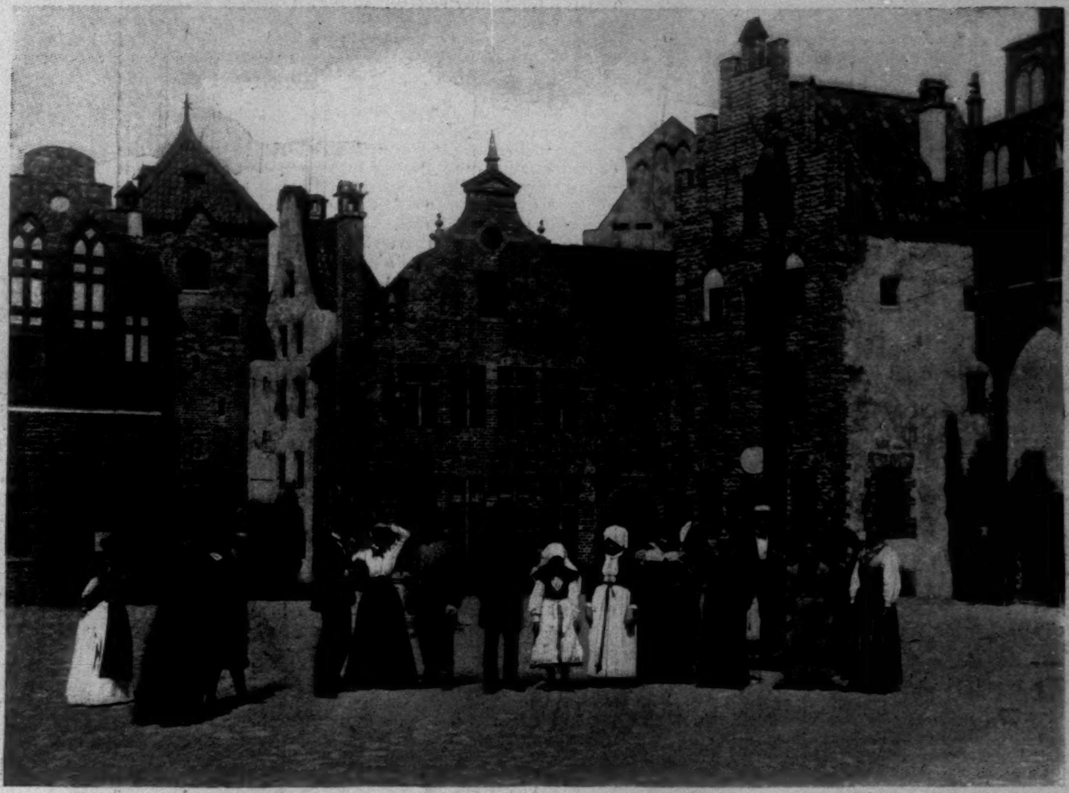


LAPLAND AND DALARNE PEASANTS DANCING AROUND THE MIDS

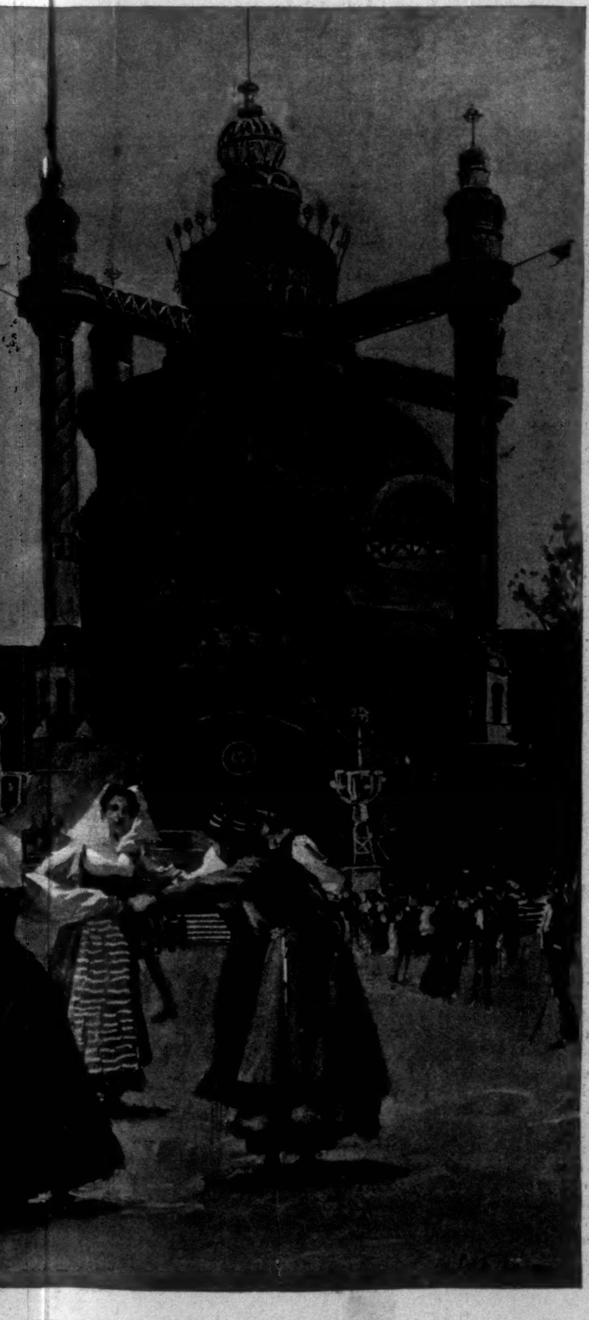
THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN—PEC



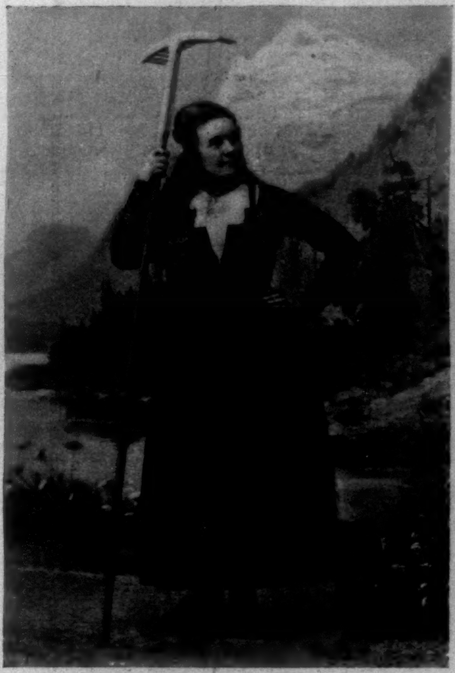
THE OLD BELL-TOWER IN SKANSEN,
Built in Ostergothland 150 Years ago, and transported in Sections to the Exposition. Tower Bellman in the Foreground.



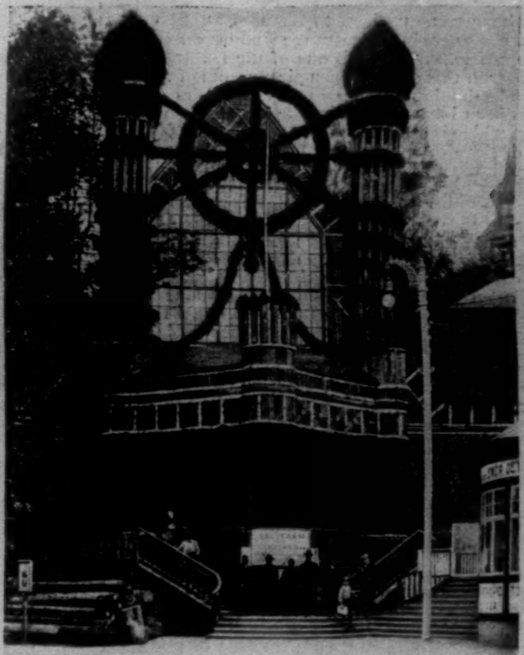
VIEW OF THE MARKET-PLACE, OLD STOCKHOLM,
Showing Group of Exposition Guards, Peasant Women, Shop-Attendants, etc.



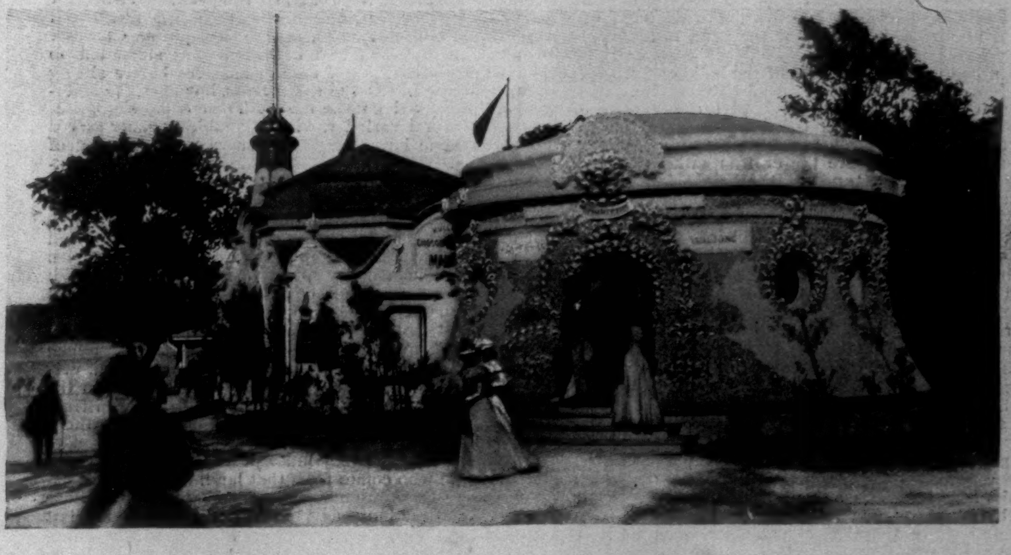
MIDSUMMER-EVE POLE—INDUSTRIAL HALL IN THE BACKGROUND.



TYPE OF SWEDISH PEASANT GIRL.
Photographed by F. G. Klemming, Stockholm.



THE FRONT OF THE FORESTRY BUILDING.
Photographed by Axel Lindahls, Stockholm.



LADIES' RECEPTION PAVILION AND TYPICAL BOOTH.

-PEOPLE AND SCENES AROUND THE FAIR GROUNDS.—[SEE PAGE 762.]

CHILDHOOD.

When winter winds sound wild and shrill
  A tiny red flower blooms;
Its crimson burns on heath and hill
  Through deep hibernal glooms.

It smiles amid some bitter blast
  And when the fleet rains blow;
Where men stand stricken and aghast
  It flames with tender glow.

What joy of life thrills all its veins
  And curves its modest head!
See how it drinks the falling rains
  That flood some river's bed!....

A child is kin to such a flower,
  To its irradiant strife,
Which wins at last a precious dower,
  A loveliness of life.

A child—a little child—you say?
  Time is a sacred gage
To this unbroken soul whose way
  Leads to some golden age.

G. E. Montgomery.

THE SCANDINAVIAN EXHIBITION.

In the ghostly twilight, red and blue and white pennons flutter above a white-floored circle—a dancing-platform with green-painted seats arranged about its generous girth. An outer circle of rich green grass is patrolled by a thirteenth-century warder in resplendent yellow and brown garb and bearing a savage pike, while beyond the grass-plot stand thousands of people watching the dancers upon the platform.

It is half past eleven o'clock, you notice as you look at your watch; the midnight is fast coming, and yet you may recognize your friend easily away across the plaza; and as for the dim lanterns in their curious tin cages, they flicker away shamefaced in the presence of this queer powerful twilight. The sun did not go down until after nine o'clock, and he will soon be on duty again, long hours before these revellers have danced themselves out.

It is Midsummer eve in the city of Stockholm, and these thousands of people, and those quaint-garbed fiddlers, and the queer old man with the key-harp in his arms, and the hundreds of young men and women from the far-away provincial places of Norway and Sweden and Russia and Denmark have come up here to Skansen to enjoy, even more than elsewhere in these strange lands, the delights of midsummer-time. Skansen is one of the features of the World's Fair in this city, an open-air museum of zoology, history, and ethnology, and present-day affairs as well, which has been incorporated for the time being into this exposition, which is attracting so many thousands from all quarters of the globe.

It is quite enough to blind your eyes to watch these dancers, so wildly fast they whirl, the gallant now and again lifting his green bodiced partner from her feet, to bring her down a step or two further on in precise time with the music, while now the two change from the fierce mad polka they have been dancing to execute no end of graceful country figures, as the fiddlers play like mad and the crowd claps with delight. These peasant dancers have come from sea-beat Holland to the south, from Dalarne, from Haparanda, and the far north, and the nimble feet of a young girl from Lapland are beating the measures with the best of them.

Some of the women whirling past you in the dance have brilliant red dresses bound at the waist by a cardinal belt of red leather, above which is a gay bodice of green, and above its interlacings snowy ruching to the chin, a quaint filmy lace white cap above the yellow hair. The next dancer has the tall peaked cap, blue as her eyes, and bordered at its edge with a cord of vivid red, a bodice of crimson, a short skirt of blue-black stuff, with an apron from bust to feet indescribably brilliant in reds and yellows and greens.

His swainship wears a pair of elk-skin knee-breeches, caught at the calf with a gay pink rosette, a coat of black reaching almost to his heels, its edge bordered with brilliant red, a wide-brimmed, low-crowned black hat, and a vest so yellow it would put a canary-bird to the blush. The dancer that follows him wears a mouse-colored paletot, belted about the waist, with crossed strips of snowy white leather on the back from shoulder to hips, a pair of immense baggy trousers mouse-colored to the knee and black from the knee to the feet, a waistcoat of green figured silk, and upon his head a queer black hat with enormous brim, and around its crown a wide band of crimson satin ribbon falling below the brim in fantastic tassels.

So might one write indefinitely of the holiday finery of these peasants, the variety being wellnigh infinite. Everywhere about the grounds of this picturesque exposition you may see these quaint-clad peasants, filling the plazas with fine notes of color, blending into the soberer garb of the city folk where the crowds gather thickest about the music-stands, types of the bright free life of these humble Norse yeomen, as yet unmixed with the blood of the town.

I think the key-note of this World's Fair is picturesqueness. You seldom see the commonplace. You may look in vain for such splendid buildings as those which adorned the World's Fair in Chicago, but you will not seek in vain for strangely picturesque features. The buildings are quaint rather than large, delicate in decoration rather than gorgeous, antique and picturesque in architecture rather than massive. Some of them, however, are of no mean size, and the central building, the building devoted to machinery and that given up to art, would not have seemed so diminutive even among the Chicago mammoths.

The exposition grounds are quite near the heart of the city, on a beautiful island, one of the seven on which Stockholm is built. The grounds are reached by electric launch, by street car, or you can take a brisk walk from almost any part of the city, so peculiarly compact it is, and be at the entrance-gate in a half-hour or less.

There is little attempt at electrical display—save in one rare-colored fountain which plays late at night—for the reason that at ten o'clock, or even eleven, it is so light the electric display would fade sadly. Two features of especial interest may be reserved for complete consideration by themselves—Skansen, mentioned above as the place where the peasant folk have just held, at this writing, their Midsummer-day festivities; and Gamla Stockholm, or old Stockholm, a reproduction in most picturesque form of the city as it was known just a hundred years after the discovery of America—two of the most striking elements in the exposition.

The main building, or Industrial Hall, stands in the centre of the grounds, its queer cupolas visible from almost any part of Stockholm. It is crowded with the choicest that these northern countries can produce in the wide realm of industry—an epitome, widely inclusive, of all that is progressive and stable in their commercial life. Across a high white viaduct stands the great building devoted to the exhibits of machinery, while hard by it the art-gallery, a long, handsome building, gives space to the best that the Northmen have done, and affords ample evidence of much of the best that has been done by the painters and sculptors of other lands. Then there are the tourist pavilion, illustrating with many a quaintly ingenious device the physical attractions and the sports of the north; the great museum, affording opportunity for extensive study into municipal, educational, and sanitary progress and history; the Fishery Hall, showing in compact form the phases of one of the most important industries of these sea-girt lands; the buildings devoted to an exposition of the army and navy, the building of forestry, of mines, of horticulture, the electrical building, and so on, and so on.

At every turn you find the oddest pavilions, some of them in use as offices or restaurants or coffee-houses, some of them built by business firms from various cities to advertise their wares, and all of them interesting from an architectural as well as from a decorative stand-point. An immense white candle, a hundred feet or more in height, rises in snowy brightness above an electrical display. A champagne merchant has a pagoda or exhibition hall built almost wholly of champagne-bottles, through which the light falls in a mellow green upon the samples displayed; while another wine-merchant contents himself with a gigantic champagne-bottle, big enough to drown the woes of a viking giant. A curious reddish-brown wood building, carved with many fantastic figures, holds all manner of toys for children, while near to it stands the pavilion of a perfumer and soap-manufacturer, made in the likeness of a great barrel, with immense perfumery-bottles at the four corners, the whole a delicate green in color. Queer-shaped water-kiosks—tiny buildings with Russian ornamentation—abound, where one may buy ices, ice-cream, or various mineral waters. The small buildings devoted to the police or the exposition employees are all built in the quaintest manner possible, with steep peaked roofs painted a bright green, and sides of red or brown. The chocolate cafés are dainty, and in some cases highly ornate. In one of them are life-size figures of the King and Queen done in chocolate, sitting on chocolate chairs which rest on a chocolate floor upon a base of chocolate marble. The buildings of the various countries and of the city of Stockholm are all keyed up to the same note of picturesqueness. The Russian building is particularly peculiar, a gorgeously fantastic affair, with no end of interesting exhibits in the interior.

And amid all the odd, and in some few instances grotesque, displays there is yet a most delightful harmony. The colors of the buildings are in many cases brilliant; and so powerful is this northern sun at this time of the year, and so uniformly clear the air, that all the striking hues of the buildings are accentuated, and the whole forms a picture one may never forget. I do not think any one can visit this exposition without having his imagination stimulated, and his love for the beautiful and picturesque—the one inclusive of the other—charmingly satisfied.

The grounds, especially near sundown, or say at 8.30 or 9 o'clock, are thronged. These thousands of northern people take life easily. There is no rush, no hurry, no bustle. The newsboy or newsgirl who accosts you on the street does so in a half-apologetic manner, and modestly trots away if you decline to purchase. The drivers of the street-car horses, the cab-drivers, and even the draymen down in the heart of the city conduct their various steeds in a manner to make one who has faced the deadly cable grip and the deadlier truck-horses of lower Broadway thank fortune there are some people left in the world who would rather turn out than run over you.

The most expensive dinner you can buy on the exposition grounds, which is, say, ten to twenty-five per cent. higher than the regular city restaurant dinner, costs you, for all its manifold courses, three and one-half kroner—ninety-four cents. This includes the inevitable "smörgasbord," an initial appetizer, so to speak, consisting of anchovies, sardines, pickles, cheese, cold salt meats, and some liquid stimulator of a more or less pungent nature. In a private dwelling this is served on a sideboard, to which the guests go and help themselves before sitting down to dinner. At the restaurants, however, the smörgasbord is served on the table. Then come soup, fish, meats of several varieties, with vegetables usually served upon the same large silver platter with the courses of meats, salads, and what not—a long array of edibles, excellently cooked, ending with dessert and coffee.

Since the exposition opened, on the 15th of May, to date, a little over six weeks, there have been just seven arrests for disorderly conduct on the grounds—surely a not bad showing, when thousands upon thousands of people have been here. The man who speaks no language but English may visit this exposition, confident that he will find his native tongue at every turn. As a young Brooklyn man said to me at dinner, "You can't get away from the English speech." And it is so; and I think the man who speaks English, especially if he be an American, gets quicker service, and is more carefully guided about by the guard, free of all tip suggestiveness, than the man from any other country. America is very close to these northern people, for when they have given two millions and more residents to America they must perforce have keener interest in one who comes from that land.

Of course there are many special days when there are particular attractions—as Midsummer day, and the last days of the present week, devoted to the men who represent the International Press Congress, journalists from all over Europe, who are enjoying an outing in this far northern country. Nearly every day at present either the Crown-Prince or the King, or both of them, visit the grounds, and walk about among the people, inspecting the exhibits in a truly American fashion. The King seems universally beloved, and you will find no Swede—at least I have found none—who is not intensely devoted to his sovereign.

It would not be easy to exaggerate the picturesque character of this World's Fair, nor would it be easy to estimate its importance to the countries represented, from either a commercial, an industrial, or an æsthetic stand-point.

W. S. Harwood.

Stockholm, *June 27.*

REBRIDGING NIAGARA.

Within a few months the great suspension-bridges across the Niagara gorge will be nothing but memories. One by one they are passing away and giving place to new steel arches. The railway suspension-bridge has already been supplanted by an arch, and the contract has been awarded for another arch to take the place of the upper suspension-bridge. The taking down of these structures is of more than ordinary interest, for they have always had place among the really great bridges of the world. Among many visitors they have no doubt excited as much admiration as the Falls themselves, and their spider-web appearance will be recalled by travellers the world over. That both of these famous bridges should give way to a modern creation in a single year is a remarkable incident, and that the first to come should be the first to go is but an observance of the order of things which holds good in many other fields.

The usefulness of the railway suspension-bridge, which was the first great bridge of its kind erected in America, and also the first bridge to span the Niagara chasm, has been ended. Its towers and cables have been removed, and the suspended portion is meeting the same fate. The charters for the erection of this bridge were obtained in Canada and New York in 1846. A means of communication was established between the two cliffs at the site of the bridge by a boy named Homan Walsh, who is still living, and who, while flying his kite, allowed it to settle on the Canadian bank. The kite string served to pull a cord across the river, which in turn was followed by a rope, and then by a wire cable. On this wire cable a car was operated as a ferry and to facilitate the building of the bridge. This cableway was probably the first used in America, and was first operated on March 13, 1848. The car, or basket, is now treasured as one of the possessions of the Buffalo Historical Society. It is made of strips of band iron, and was designed by T. G. Hullett, of Niagara Falls.

Several years were consumed in building the bridge, so that it was not until March 8, 1855, that the first train crossed it. This first bridge was of wood, with stone towers. In 1880 the suspended structure was renewed in steel, and in 1886 the stone towers gave way to steel successors. This remodelling was done without any interruption to traffic, and was under the supervision of L. L. Buck, M. Am. Soc. C. E. As compared with the time it took to build the suspension-bridge, it is interesting to note that the arch which has taken its place was erected within a few months, and is a much larger bridge. On its upper deck the new arch has double tracks for steam-cars, while its lower deck is taken up by a trolley track—the first to cross to Canada—carriageways, and walks. It is a graceful structure of large supporting capacity, and is leased by the Grand Trunk Railway.

The abutments for the arch that is to replace the upper suspension-bridge are in place, and the work of erecting the steel will commence in October, at the close of the summer business. This arch will be the fourth bridge erected on this site. It is this bridge that adjoins the State reservation. Previous to the erection of a bridge at this point crossing was made by ferry. The first bridge here was built in 1868, connection between the cliffs having been made by carrying a rope across on an ice bridge. The formal opening occurred on January 2, 1869.

This bridge was also of wood. In 1887–8 the suspended structure and towers were renewed in steel, completion being reached in December, 1888. On the night of January 9–10, 1889, Niagara was visited by a violent wind-storm, which tore the entire suspended structure from the suspenders, and it dropped, bottom upward, into the gorge. That portion of the wrecked bridge lying on the débris slopes of the banks was removed, but the waters of the river still hide from view the greater portion of the fallen bridge. The controlling companies at once placed orders for another bridge, and in 117 days traffic was resumed across the new structure. As originally built, the wooden bridge allowed but a single vehicle to cross one way at a time, but when renewed in steel the structure was widened so that carriages could pass one another on the way. It is this bridge that is to give place to a second arch, for all it is less than a decade old. At this point the river is about 1200 feet wide, and the arch to be erected will be the largest in the world. Its proportions will be magnificent and graceful. It will have but one deck, the width of which will be about fifty feet. This will provide room for a double trolley track, carriageways, and walks.

An interesting incident in connection with the removal of the upper suspension-bridge is that when it is taken down it will be conveyed seven miles down the river to Lewiston, and there rebuilt on the site of the suspension-bridge wrecked by wind on April 16, 1864, and never since replaced. On the occasion of a big ice jam the guys were pulled up on the bridge. During the pleasant weather that followed, those in charge of the structure neglected to replace the guys, and a high wind carried the bridge away. It is understood that trolley tracks will also be laid on this bridge when it is rebuilt.

This remarkable activity in bridge-building on the Niagara border may be, in part, attributed to the electrical development thereabouts, for it will be observed that all the new bridges are to have electric railways, which will afford a novel means of connection between the Dominion of Canada and the United States, and make possible the viewing of the beauties of the Niagara gorge without leaving one's seat in a trolley-car.

From an engineering stand-point the bridge construction is thoroughly interesting, for to-day the gorge has three notable types of bridges—cantilever (Michigan Central), suspension, and arch.

Orrin E. Dunlap.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

AUTHOR OF "DODO," "LIMITATIONS," "THE JUDGMENT BOOKS," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Constantine looked at one of the fermenting barrels of wine on the fourth day, he saw that the crust of skins, stalks, and stones had risen to within six inches of the top, and was thickly covered with a pink, sour-smelling froth. The fermentation was at its height, and it was time to mix the crust with the fluid again to excite it even further. In one barrel, into which the ripest fruit from the south corner of the vineyard—which lay more directly under the shelter of the banked-up stream—had been put, this crust had risen even higher, and almost threatened to overflow. The ordinary custom in Greece at this time was for a naked man to get into the barrel and stir it up again—a remnant, no doubt, of some superstition; but Constantine, though he still put the grapes of one vine in a basket for the birds to eat, did not think it necessary to make this further concession, but only stirred up the frothing mass with an instrument like a wooden pavier. The crust was already getting thick and solid, and it was ten minutes' work in each case to get it thoroughly mixed up again with the fluid.

From the seething surface there rose the thick, sour fumes of decomposing matter, heavily laden with carbonic-acid gas. One barrel leaked a little round the tap at the bottom, and was dropping on the floor. A little red stream had trickled down to the edge of the veranda, and he noticed that it was full of small bubbles like soda-water, showing that the fermentation was not yet over. He calked this up with a lump of resin, and then moved all the barrels into the sun for an hour or two, so that the heat might hasten the second fermentation, which naturally was slower and less violent than the first. The barrel and a half of fine wine, however, he did not touch; in these it was better that the fermentation should go on slowly and naturally.

That evening Mitsos went out fishing, as the work of wine-making was over for the present. In four or five days he would have to go over to Epidaurus to get the resin from the pine-trees; but just now there was nothing to be done.

Though it was still early in the autumn, and as a rule the fine weather continued into the middle or end of October, the top of the hills above the further side of the gulf had been covered all day with thick, storm-boding clouds, and as sunset drew near, these spread eastwards over the sky. The sun, as it sank behind them, illumined the edges of them, turning them to a dark amber color; and after sunset the after-glow which spread slowly across the sky cast a strange lurid light through the half-opaque floor of clouds, and the night would soon fall dark, perhaps with storm. It was very hot, and the land-breeze blew but languidly, as if tired out with travelling over the broiling plain. But there was quite enough wind to send Mitsos's boat along at a good pace. He tacked once out into the bay for two miles or so, and then back more slowly to the head of the bay, for he was sailing within thirty degrees of the wind. It had grown quite dark on his first tack, and when he put the boat about for the second he had to keep a sharp lookout when he neared the land.

There were no other boats in the bay, and so he did not think it necessary to light his lantern in the bows. Against the dark sky and the dark water it would hardly have been possible to see the boat from more than twenty yards distant; and even then, if the thin white line or broken water at the forefoot had not caught your eye, or the regular subdued hiss as it cut through the sea fallen on your ear, it might have passed close and not been noticed. The second tack took twenty minutes, and at the end of this time he saw faintly the white glimmer of the sea-wall of Abdul Achmet's house straight in front of him. He wished to run up as close as possible to this, for then one tack more might take him across to the bay he was making for; and sitting with the rudder in his hand, he waited till the last possible moment before putting about. As he got close to the wall, however, the wind blowing from that quarter was intercepted by it, and the sail fell dead against the mast, and the yard swung straight, the line of white water faded from under the forefoot, and the hiss of the motion was quenched. He got up for an oar, so as to pull the boat round again, when quite suddenly he heard the sound of a woman's voice from the terrace, singing. For a moment or so he stood still, and then his ear focussed itself to the sounds. She was singing a song Mitsos knew well, a song which the vine-tenders sing as they are digging the vines in spring, and she sang in Greek:

"Dig we deep around the vines,
  Give the sweet spring showers a home,
Else the fairest sun that shines
Lends no sparkle to our wines,
  Sends no lustre to the foam."

He could not see the singer; all he saw was the circle of black night, the faint lines of his boat even blacker against it, and just ahead the white glimmer of the wall. The voice, low and sweet, came out of the darkness like a bird flying through a desert—a living thing amid death. Mitsos stood perfectly still, strangely and bewilderingly excited. Then he took up his oar and turned the boat's head round, and waited again. But the voice had ceased. He felt, somehow, unaccountably shy, as if he had intruded into some other person's private affairs; but having intruded, he was determined to make his presence known. So just as the sail caught the wind again he answered the voice with the second verse:

"Dig we deep; the summer's here.
  Saw we not among the eaves
Summer's messengers appear—
Swallows flitting here and there
  In among the almond leaves?"

The boat bent over to the wind, the white line streaked the water, and then hissed off into the night again.

He sat down and let the boat run on by itself. He had never known that the common country song was beautiful till he had heard a voice out of the darkness sing it—a voice low, sweet, soft, which might have been the darkness itself made audible. Who was this woman? How did she, a Greek, come to be in the house of a Turk? Then, with a flash of awakened memory, he remembered the evening when he and Nicholas had sailed across together, how a man came up and struck a woman who was leaning on the sea-wall, how she had cried out, and said in Greek, "What was that for?"

The flapping of the sail against the mast roused him, and he looked up. The wind had died out, and he was floating in the middle of darkness. He had no idea where he was until he saw the lights from Nauplia where he least expected them—on the left of the boat and far away, instead of behind him. The boat, left to itself, had of course run straight before the land-breeze out into the mouth of the gulf. Meantime the breeze had died out, and he was miles from land. That did not trouble him much; fishing was a minor consideration, and spending the night in the boat was even less worth bothering over. He wanted one thing only—to get back to the white glimmering wall and the voice from the darkness.

A puff of hot air wandered by the boat, and the sail shivered for a moment and was still again. A veiled flash of lightning gleamed through the clouds over the Tripoli hills and was reflected sombrely over the sky, and a droning peal of thunder answered. A faint rim of light, like the raising of tired eyelids, opened over the sea, and he saw the ropes of his boat stand out sharp against it. Then suddenly there came from the hills a sound he knew, and knew to be dangerous—the shrill scream of a mountain squall from the mountains at the mouth of the gulf. He sprang to the ropes, and had the sail down just before it struck him; but in less than a minute the boat's head was driven round, and the white tops of little waves began to fleck the bay. He felt the salt spray on his hands and face, and laughed exultantly. This was what he wanted.

With a drunken joy in the danger of the thing, he ran up the sail, and in a moment he was tearing back straight for the wall. At the pace he was going the boat was quite steady, cutting through the waves instead of rising to them, and now and then one was flung over the bows like a white rag. Before long the wall appeared again, and he took in his sail; the water was already rough and was dashing up against it, but he let the boat drift on till he was within thirty yards of it. The rim of light over the sea had widened, and he could see the edge of the top of the wall quite distinctly, and, behind, the tall sombre cypresses in rows. But there was no one there. Just then the rain began, hissing into the sea like shot, and for a few minutes turning the whole surface milky white. Mitsos put up his collar and swore gently, and with some difficulty proceeded to put about. The wind was blowing hard ashore, and he had to take down the sail altogether and row. Even then he seemed hardly to be making way against the squall, and it was a quarter of an hour's hard work to get far enough from the shore to sail again. Then he fetched a long tack towards Nauplia, and from there he got home in one tack, sailing forty degrees from the wind. The surf was breaking rather nastily on the shoals near the shore, and he had to pass through a narrow channel, on both sides of which was shoal water not sufficiently deep to allow the boat to pass; but he had the light from his own house and that from the café opposite to steer by, and he knew that he could run in when they were in line. As he neared the shore he could see it was impossible to bring the boat round sharply enough, and he beat out again for a quarter of a mile, and approached the channel again. This time he was successful, and the boat ran past the tumbling white water on each side, safe into the smoother water behind.

His father was waiting up for him, and when his tall figure appeared in the doorway Constantine looked up with relief.

"Mitsos, you shouldn't sail on nights like this," he said; "the best seaman in the world might not be able to manage a boat on such a night. How did you get in?"

"It's easy enough when you get the lights from the house and the café in a line," said Mitsos; "besides, I was six miles out in the bay when the squall came down."

"That was an hour ago," said his father.

Mitsos walked to the door to close it, turning his back on Constantine.

"As much as that?" he said.

Constantine did not ask any more questions, and Mitsos went to make himself some coffee and get out of his wet things, for he was drenched from head to foot.

Two days after this the ordinary wine had cleared completely, and it was decanted into fresh barrels, for if it stood too long on the lees, or in contact with the skins and stalks, it would become bitter. The crust itself Constantine removed from all the barrels, and put into the still to make brandy. This only required one man to look after, and on the day Mitsos went to Epidaurus to get the resin his father employed himself with it.

The apparatus was of the simplest. He placed all the crust from the barrels in a big iron pot, under which he lit a slow charcoal fire. Into a hole in the lid of this, which screwed on to the body, he inserted a bent iron pipe, on to which he screwed another pipe made of spirals. A big wooden tub filled with water, through the bottom of which passed a third pipe, fitted at one end into the spirals which lay in the water, and communicating at the other with the glazed jar into which the spirit was to be stored, completed the apparatus.

The fire drove off the alcohol from the fermented crust of the wine, which distilled itself into brandy as it passed through the tube that lay in the cold water, and dripped out at the further end into the jar. Next day this would be distilled again to purify it further from any oily substances which might have passed the first distillation.

He finished the day's work soon after five, and having business in Nauplia, set off there at once, so that Mitsos, returning a little later from Epidaurus, found him out, and without waiting to get any food, he set off again at once down to the bay.

It was drawing near that moment when all the beauty of the day in sea, land and sky is gathered into the ten minutes of sunset. At this time of the year the sun set almost due west, through a low pass in the hills, and it was still half an hour above the horizon when Mitsos got into the boat. The land-breeze was blowing cool and strong, and his boat dipped to it gently, and glided steadily on the outward tack. Between him and the Argive hills hung a palpable haze of thinnest blue, but the whole plain slept under a mist of gold. The surface of the water, unruffled under the shadow of the land, was green, and burnished like a plate of patinated bronze, and the ripple from the bows broke creamily, and flowed out behind the boat in long featherlike lines. As the sun neared its setting the golden mist grew more intense in color, and the higher slope of the mountains turned pink behind their veil of blue.

The sky was cloudless from rim to rim, except just above the sun, where there floated a few thin skeins of vapor, visible against the incredible blue only because they were touched with red. Just as Mitsos neared the wall on his second tack the sun's edge was cut by the ragged outline of the mountain, and in ten minutes more it would set.

She, the nameless, ineffable she, was leaning on the edge of the wall, looking seawards. She saw Mitsos sitting in the stern of his boat, and guessed at once it was he who had sung the second verse of the vine-tender's song two nights ago. Guessed, too, that it was his boat which had passed close under the wall last night when the other women of the harem were there with her. She had not known till she saw him that she wished to see the owner of that half-formed boyish voice which had come so pleasantly out of the darkness, and now, when she did see him, she looked long. He, too, was looking, and her eyes made a bridge over golden air that lay between, on which his soul stepped lightly out to meet her.

The boat drew closer, and she dropped her eyes and began playing with a spray of rose that trailed along the top of the wall. She picked a couple of buds, smelt them, and then very softly she sang again the first verse of the vine-tender's song.

The boat had got under the shelter of the wall, and drifted closer so slowly that the motion was imperceptible. Mitsos was still looking at her; her eyes were still downcast. She sang the first verse through, and the first two lines of the second verse, and then apparently she recollected no more, for she stopped, and from the boat Mitsos sang very softly the next two lines. Still, without looking at him, she sang them after him; he finished the verse, and she sang the whole through.

From the bay the sun had set, but the mountains on the east glowed rosier and rosier every moment. All that Mitsos saw was a girl's slender figure wrapped in a loose white cloak, a hand that held two rose-buds, a face with eyes down-dropped, and eyelashes that swept the cheek.

"There is the third verse," he said.

Then she looked up and smiled at him, and her eyes were as black as shadows in the moonlight.

"I will learn that another night, if it be you will teach me," she said, "and this is for your teaching. Go, now; others are coming."

Half carelessly she threw into the boat the buds she had picked, and turned away.

Maria was married the next morning, and Mitsos went to the wedding. The bride and bridegroom appeared to him to be admirably suited to each other.

About four o'clock that afternoon Mitsos was just about to set off down to the shore, when his father appeared.

"We'll finish with the wine this evening," he said. "Come and begin at once, Mitsos."

Mitsos paused a moment.

"I was just going sailing," he said. "Can't we do it to-morrow?"

"No; it had better be finished now; besides, you can sail afterwards. Come, it won't take a couple of hours."

"Uncle Nicholas told me to sail every day," he began.

"And to obey me, Mitsos."

Mitsos stood for a moment irresolute, but his habit of obedience reasserted itself. "Yes, father," he said, "I will come."

The barrels in which the first fermentation had taken place had been thoroughly scoured with boiling water, and had quite got rid of the sour smell of fermented stuff, and the men were to decant the resinated wine back into them. They filled each barrel again three-quarters full, and into the remaining space they poured a portion of the fine wine, dividing it equally among each. To Mitsos the process seemed insufferably long and tedious. The sun had set before the barrels were filled, and it was dark before the work was over. Never before, it seemed to him, had the taps dribbled so dispiritingly. His father now and then addressed some remark to him which he barely answered, and after a time they both lapsed into silence. Mitsos knew that he was behaving abominably, and he thought that he could not help it. Perhaps she was there; perhaps—bewildering thought—she was even wondering why he did not come. How could he simulate the slightest interest in the wine of grapes when the wine of love was fermenting within him, driving him mad with those sweet, intoxicating fumes for which there is no amethyst?

At last it was over. No, he would not eat now. He would eat when he came in. Ten minutes later he was on his way. Soon his wall began to glimmer in front of him. Something, it looked only like a white shadow, was leaning on it, and as he drew nearer he heard again the voice singing low in the darkness—singing the common country song which had become so beautiful.

CHAPTER VII.

NICHOLAS got safely across to Corinth early in the morning after he had left Mitsos, and waited there a few days for a caïque to take him to Patras. The work which the leading Greeks were preparing throughout the Peloponnesus was there in the hands of Germanos, the Bishop. Like Nicholas, he too had felt the cruelty and appetites of the Turk, and, like Nicholas, he was willing to wait for revenge until the whole scheme was ripe to the core. An agent of his had met Nicholas at Corinth, bidding him come, if he had a few days to spare, at once; if not, as

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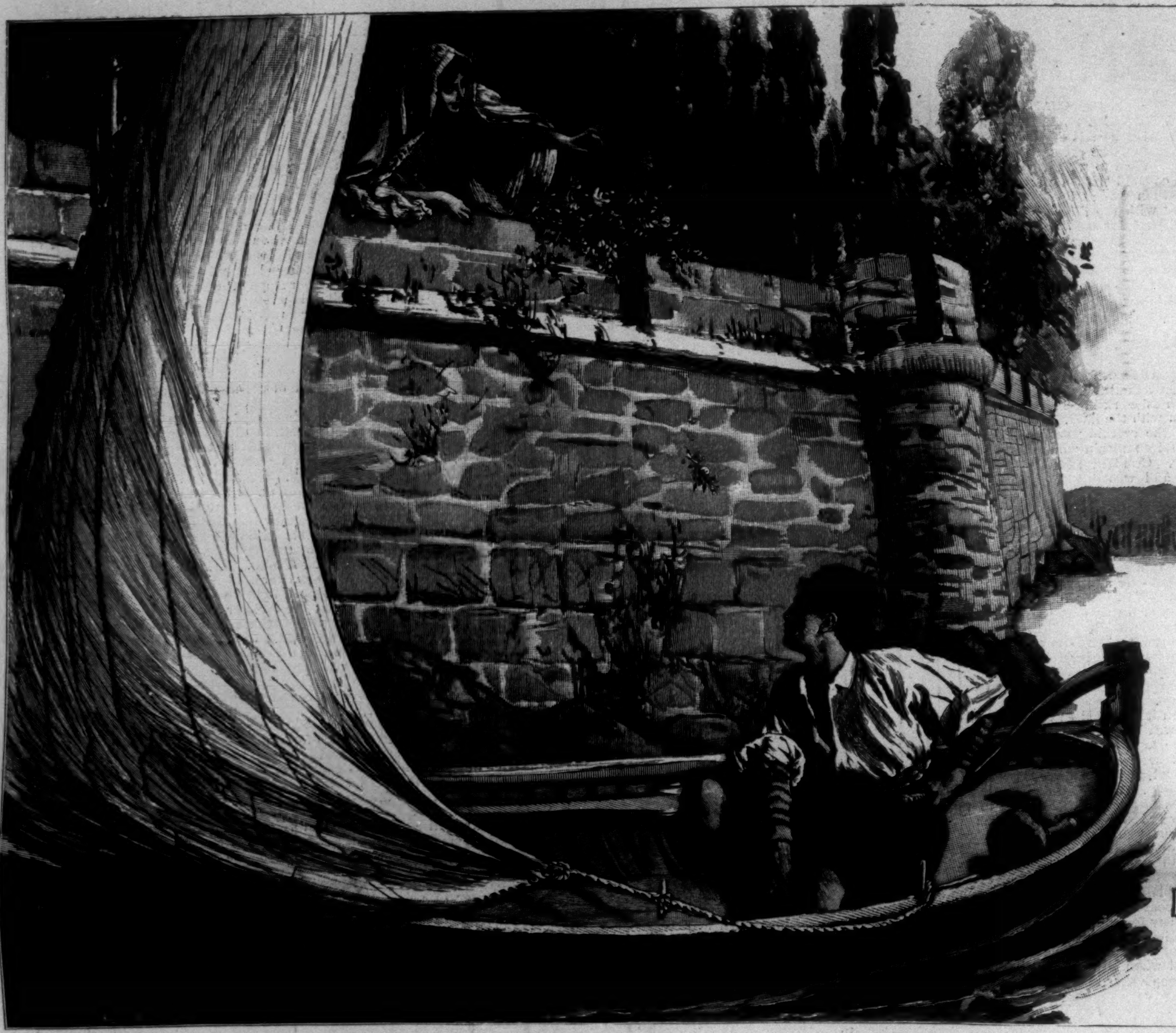
* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2115.



"HALF CARELESSLY SHE THREW INTO THE BOAT THE BUDS SHE HAD PICKED."

soon as he could. Nicholas, however, had left Nauplia with the idea of proceeding on to Patras at once, and he sent the messenger back, saying he was on his way. It was not safe for him, however, to go by land. That he was suspected of being concerned in intrigues against the Turk he knew, and as his plans were now already beginning to be thoroughly organized, he wished to avoid any needless risk.

On the second day, however, a Greek caïque laden with figs was starting from Corinth, and Nicholas went on board soon after dark. About midnight they started.

For a few hours a steady breeze drew up from the narrow end of the gulf, but it slackened and dropped between three and four in the morning, and daylight found them becalmed, with slack sails, some eight miles out at sea, nearly opposite Itea. To the north Parnassus had already "taken the morning," and stood flushed with red high above them while they still lay on a dark plain of water smooth as glass. On the opposite side of the gulf, but further ahead, Cythene and Helmos, on the north side of which last winter's snow still lay heraldically in bars and bezants, had also caught the light, which, as the sun rose higher, flowed like some luminous liquid down their slopes, wooded below with great pine forests.

Nicholas, who slept like a dog, lightly, and only when he had nothing else to do, was lying on deck, and only woke when the sun had risen high enough to touch the caïque. The captain and owner of the boat, who had been all night in the little close cabin below, came on deck at that moment, and sat down near him.

"The wind has dropped altogether," he said. "We may be here for hours. Are you in a hurry to get on?"

Nicholas filled his pipe very carefully.

"I am never in a hurry," he said, "if I am going as quick as I can. I cannot make the wind, and so I am content to wait. You seem to have a good heavy cargo."

"A good heavy cargo," said the man. "Yes, and it would have been half as much again if those devils had not seized a lot of it at Corinth."

"The Turks?" said Nicholas.

"Yes; port dues they called them. Much of a port is Corinth; a heap of stones tumbled into the water, and a rickety staircase."

"That is new, is it not? The harbor dues, I mean."

"Yes. Put on a month ago," said the man; "but if I hear right it won't be very old when it is taken off again."

"What do you mean?"

"They say the devils are to be treated as such. I spend my life on the sea, and don't hear much, but surely you heard what was being said at Corinth—that before a year was out we Greeks would not have these masters any longer?"

One of the crew was standing near, and the captain motioned him to go away.

"I don't like talking too much, especially before my own men," he said, "but I don't mind telling you. You will be landed at Patras, and you will go your way and I mine. I heard it at the café last night. Four Turks were talking about the arms which they say the peasants are collecting. They spoke of one Nicholas Vidalis as a leader. They expected to catch him, though; they knew he was travelling to Corinth."

"The deuce they did," thought Nicholas. Then aloud, "Who is this Nicholas?"

"Nay, I don't know him," said the man. "I am from the islands. I thought you might have heard of him."

"From the islands, are you? From which?"

"Over from Spetzas."

Nicholas lit his pipe with a lump of charcoal and inhaled a couple of long breaths, silent, but with a matter in balance. Then, looking straight at the man, he said:

"I am Nicholas, the man they thought they could catch. But they don't catch me, you know, for I am a clean and God-fearing man, and I hate the devil whose name is the Turk. And now there are two ways open to you; one is to give me up at Patras, the other to try and help me and others in what we are doing. For this will be no time for saying, 'I have nothing to do with this—let Turk and Greek fight it out.' You will have to take one side, and you had better begin at once. See, I have trusted you with my secret, because you may be of use to me. You come from Spetzas, and you probably know the coast of Greece as a man knows the shape of his boots and gaiters. We have got plenty of men to fight on land, and plenty to pay them with; what we want are little ships which in case of need will hang about the Turks, if they try to escape, and sting them as the mosquito stings the cattle in the evening."

Nicholas paused for a moment, and his face lit up with hate. "For it will be evening with them," he said. "A morning shall dawn, but night shall have overtaken them, and they will awake no more. Do you know what is the strongest feeling that ever grips a man's heart? No, not love, nor yet fear, but revenge. And if you had suffered as I have suffered, you would know what it is to be filled with one thought only—to see blood in the sunrise and blood in the setting of the sun, and feel that you have ceased to be a man and have become a sword. That is what I am, and I am in the hand of God. And by me He will smite and spare not. And when there are no more to smite, perhaps I shall become a man again and live to see peace and plenty bless a free people. But I know nothing, and I do not greatly care. Come now, what answer do you give me?"

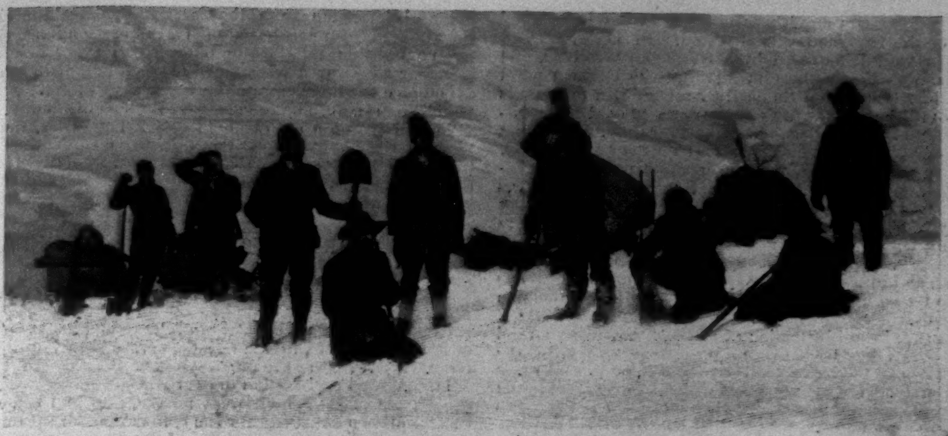
Nicholas rose to his feet; the other had risen too, and they faced each other. There was something in the earnestness and intensity of this man with one idea which would not but be felt, for though we may raise our eyebrows and shrug our shoulders, enthusiasm remains the one driving force in the world, whatever engine it chooses to drive. And his companion felt it.

"Tell me more," he said, eagerly. "But wait a moment; here is the wind."

He hurried aft to give orders to the men. Far away on the polished surface of the water behind them, as smooth and shining as a seal-skin, a line had appeared, as if the coat had been stroked the wrong way. In a couple of minutes the men were busy with the ropes, and two stood ready to slacken the sheets of the mainsail in a moment if it was a sudden squall coming, and one stood at the tiller, for some cross current had turned the boat round, and it would be necessary to put about. Meantime the rough line had crept nearer, and behind it they could see the top of little waves cut off by the wind and blown about in spray. A couple of men had put out one of the long oars, and were tugging hurriedly at it to get the head of the boat straight before the wind before it struck them. But they were not in time; the wind came down with a scream, the boat heeled over, the leeward gunwale touched the water, and the mast bent; then at exactly the right moment the sheets were slackened for a moment to let her right herself, and then braced again, and in a few seconds they were scudding straight down the gulf almost directly before the wind, till with their increasing speed, it seemed to die down again. The water all round them was broken up into an infinite number of little green, white-fringed hollows, through which, at the pace they were going, they moved across as quickly as a skater on smooth ice.

Nicholas had carefully watched the handling of the boat during these operations, and he saw that the little crew of six men knew their work perfectly, and that they were quick and prompt at the moment when a mishap might easily have occurred. He never let slip the smallest opportunity which might some day prove to be useful, and he knew that for anything like united action it would be necessary for the Greek to have, if not command of their sea-coast, at any rate the power to communicate with each other. The outbreak, as he had planned it, would take place in the Peloponnesus, but to be of any value it would have to spread over the north. Patras and Missolonghi were within a few miles of each other by sea, but unless there was frequent communication by sea they would be powerless to help each other. To some extent both his fear and his hope were realized.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



MINERS ON THE SUMMIT OF THE CHILKOOT PASS.

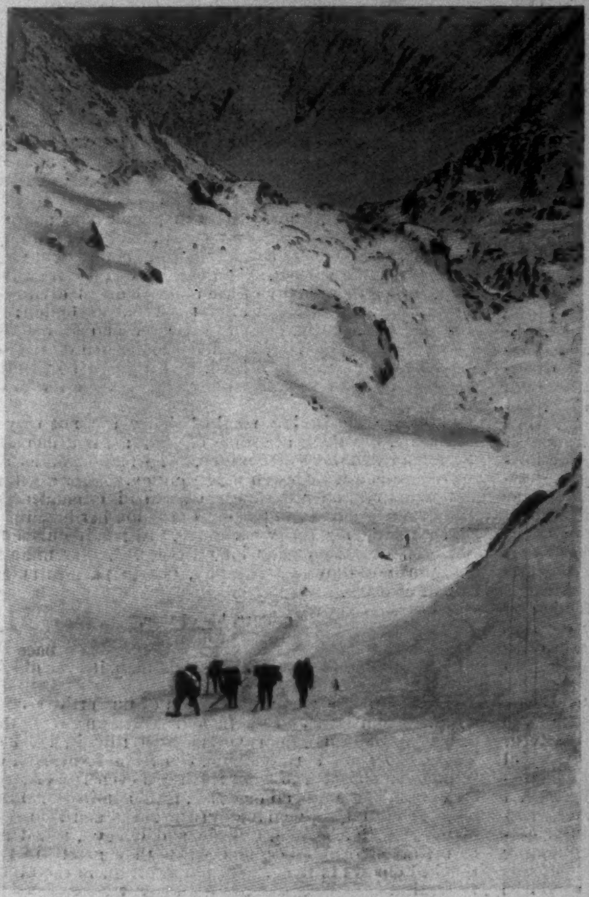
ENTRANCE TO A TUNNEL IN THE COMET MINE.

CAMP AT THE FORKS OF THE CANYON, DYEA.

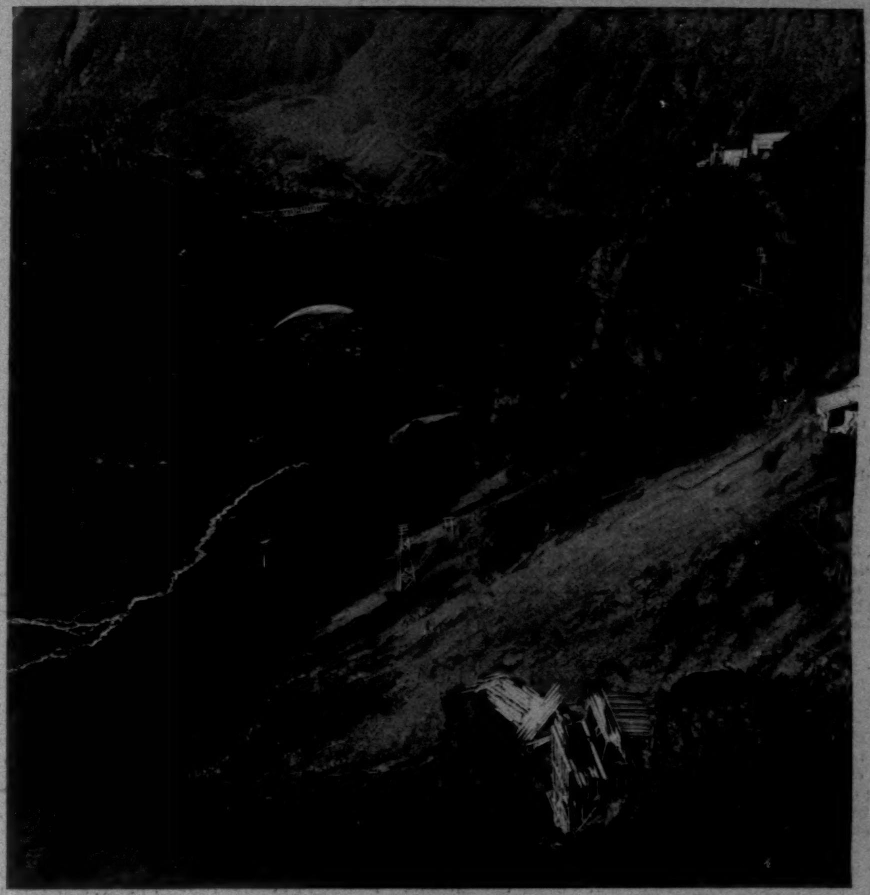
YUKONERS AT SHEEP-CAMP.

MINERS LEAVING JUNEAU FOR THE YUKON.

LOG-CABIN CHURCH, JUNEAU.



ASCENDING TO THE SUMMIT OF THE CHILKOOT PASS.



GREAT QUARTZ-MINING REGION AT SEWARD CITY, NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHILKOOT PASS.

THE GOLD DISCOVERIES IN THE KLONDIKE, NORTHWEST TERRITORY—VIEWS AT JUNEAU AND ALONG THE CHILKOOT PASS ROUTE TO THE YUKON.—[See Page 767.]

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL GOLD-MINING CONVENTION.

BY WILLIAM ALEXANDER PLATT.

Only those who have actually attended a convention can tell whether it was a success or not. The details of proceedings cannot convey to the reader the atmosphere—the sentiment which affects the delegates and in some subtle way enables them to know whether their meeting has been profitable.

That the first—and last—International Gold-mining Convention was almost an unqualified success is the unanimous testimony of those who were present. In the number and character of the delegates present, in their wide geographical distribution, in the character of the proceedings, in the nature of the resolutions adopted and those suppressed, and, finally, in the whole tone and temper of the convention, there was that which was a pleasant surprise not only to the more conservative delegates, but even to the originators and promoters of the enterprise.

Several persons were referred to at the gathering as respectively the "father" of the convention. The truth seems to be that the idea of holding such a gathering was first suggested by Mr. Louis R. Ehrich, of Colorado Springs, that the idea was taken up by Mr. J. T. Cornforth and Mr. Irwin Mahon, of Denver, and that Mr. R. F. Hunter, of Denver, as chairman of the executive committee and head of the "steering committee" of the convention after it met, did more than any other one man to make it a practical success.

Mr. Ehrich's original idea was to hold an exposition, keeping it open for a month, and having for its prominent feature an exhibition of gold-mining machinery, including all the processes of reduction, in practical operation. This plan would have called for a larger expenditure of money than the Denver people felt able to provide for at short notice; and so the idea was changed to a conference of practical mining men, who should meet for three days, and discuss methods, compare notes, become better acquainted with one another, and visit, so far as they might be able, some of the gold-mining districts of Colorado, and become familiar with the conditions of the industry in this State by actual inspection.

The exposition idea, however, was partially carried out, for the Cripple Creek district and the Pine Creek district sent fine samples of their ores, and these were arranged in cabinets for the inspection of visitors. This feature will probably be much enlarged at the next meeting of the congress.

The convention was got together on comparatively short notice, and there was much doubt as to its success. A very large number of delegates were appointed from Colorado, and particularly from Denver, every organization of every sort in the city having apparently sent its quota, among them being a number of women appointed from the various women's clubs in the city. It was not generally expected, until the convention actually met, that there would be a large number of delegates present from other States, and it was a pleasant surprise when the roll was made up to discover that there were present representatives of twenty-six States and Territories in the Union and of seven foreign countries. The States east of the Mississippi which were represented were Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois. The foreign countries were Venezuela and Mexico on this continent, and Italy, Denmark, Belgium, Switzerland, and Sweden and Norway in Europe.

The numerical majority of delegates were naturally from Colorado and the States and Territories adjacent, and these, if they had chosen, under the loose organization which prevailed at first, might easily have swamped the convention and turned it into a demonstration in favor of the immediate and unconditional free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. Those who remembered the silver convention of four years ago—the one at which Governor Waite made his noted "blood-to-the-bridles" speech—feared that this would be the outcome of the gathering. But the fear turned out to be groundless, and the delegates from Colorado deserve credit for their self-restraint.

The self-restraint of the delegates was, indeed, the most striking feature of the proceedings. The "key-note" of the gathering was sounded by Governor Adams in his speech of welcome, when he said that this convention should show to the world that gold-mining is a business proposition, not a gambling venture. While he was unable to keep from referring to political matters, and showing very plainly that he would never be satisfied with anything short of sixteen to one, the speech as a whole was in striking contrast with Waite's of four years ago. The days of "blood-to-the-bridles" Governors in Colorado are happily past. This key-note was taken up by the committee on organization, which recommended that politics be rigorously excluded from the proceedings, and that no State represented in the convention should have more than ten votes. Their report was adopted unanimously, and by adopting it the numerical majority of the convention surrendered their possibility of controlling its action.

The most remarkable exhibition of self-restraint, however, was in the emphatic rejection, twice during the sessions, of a resolution in favor of the free coinage of silver. This was first presented in the form of a minority report from the committee on resolutions by Mr. Guyot of New Mexico, and was promptly laid on the table. Afterwards, at another session, an attempt was made to reconsider the vote, but the motion to reconsider was laid on the table by a large majority, and without the formality of a call by States. When one considers the fact that probably nine-tenths of the delegates were silver men, this action is something wonderful. It is the first time, so far as credibly reported, that a sixteen-to-one resolution has ever been defeated in any convention of any kind held in the State of Colorado. And it is all the more to the credit of the convention because it was done for the reason that it was considered out of order at such a gathering, and not because the great majority of those present did not believe in the doctrine proposed by the resolution.

Excellent papers were read by half a dozen delegates on various topics pertinent to the purpose of the convention. Mr. Dern of Utah gave an account of the development of the Mercur district in his State, which was exceedingly interesting. The history of Mercur is a sample of that of more than one camp in the Rocky Mountain region. Twenty-five years ago it was a silver camp. It "played out" before 1880, and was deserted. In 1880 traces of cinnabar were discovered by a German prospector, and the claim was called by him Mercur—the German word for quicksilver. The quicksilver-mine failed too, and it was not till late in the '80's that traces of gold were discovered and mining began in earnest for that metal. First the amalgamating process was tried on the ore obtained, but it was a failure. Then the cyanide process was attempted, but at first it proved a failure too; and it was almost by pure accident that the miners discovered that if they crushed their ore course instead of fine before leaching with the cyanide solution the results would be satisfactory. Since that discovery the camp has been a success, and in the last four years the Mercur Mine has paid to its owners three-quarters of a million dollars in dividends.

This case is an illustration of the fact that many an old camp which has been given up as useless may, by the application of modern scientific methods, be made to pay handsomely. There are a great many mines now worked at a profit which under the crude methods of thirty years ago were abandoned.

Another paper of great practical value and interest was by Professor Lakes, on the geological conditions of ore deposits in the Rocky Mountain region. The first discoveries of gold were made in placers, and the placer-miners skimmed the cream off the surface. Then the gold was traced to the veins, and for a long time it was thought that a true fissure vein was necessary in order to get gold. Later the igneous rocks were discovered to contain deposits. Then came the great discovery of the lead-silver carbonates of Leadville and Aspen, and finally the exploitation of the lavas thrown out by the old volcanoes of Cripple Creek. Professor Lakes summed up by saying that the igneous rocks are the friends of the Rocky Mountain miner; and it is only where they have been forced up by seismic or volcanic action through the overlying strata, and where the superheated steam and chemicals of underground action have worked upon them, charging them with deposits of the precious metals, that gold and silver are found. The surrounding strata may be archæan granite or carboniferous limestone, or anything between, but the igneous dikes and veins and fissures are the depositories of the precious ore.

An excellent paper on the Cripple Creek region was read by Professor Moore of that camp. Cripple Creek is of course one of the most remarkable camps in the world. Its ore is of exceptionally high grade—or perhaps it would be better to say that in connection with large bodies of low-grade ore there occur veins so exceptionally rich that thus far it is practically only the high-grade ore which has been mined. The Cripple Creek bureau of information at the convention had on exhibition there pieces of ore from the Independence Mine which runs 8000 ounces to the ton—one-fourth pure gold. Of course this is rare, even in Cripple Creek; but a great many samples were shown which ran all the way from three to thirty ounces to the ton. Ore like this is treated either at the smelteries or at the chlorination works. The cost of treatment here is higher than by some other processes, but the results are satisfactory, and the ore is rich enough to pay the $8 to $10 per ton which these methods cost.

For low-grade ores the processes adopted are either concentration or cyanide. Concentration means the selection of the best part of the ore from the dross. It is effected generally by sizing—picking out by hand the pieces of about the same size which look promising to the skilled sorter, and then dropping these through water, when the heavier come to the bottom first, and of course are the ones in which the heavy metal is contained. After concentration the valuable remainder is smelted.

In the cyanide process the mass of ore is crushed to a "mash" from one-quarter to three-quarters of an inch in the diameter of the largest particles, and then placed in a vat, or tank, where a solution containing a small percentage—generally one-quarter to one-half of one per cent.—of cyanide of potassium is poured in, and the ore is thereby leached.

By these processes anywhere from seventy-five to ninety-nine per cent. of the value in the ore is saved. The cyanide process at Mercur, for instance, saves about eighty-three per cent. of the value, at a cost per ton of about eighty cents. This process is particularly applicable to low-grade ores of soft consistency. Smelting saves nearly all—say ninety-nine per cent.—of the value, but costs more per ton.

With the application of modern scientific methods the cost of production of gold is becoming a calculable quantity. Given ore of a tolerably uniform value and character, and it can be estimated with an approach to exactness just how much it will cost to get it out of the earth and treat it by one or other of the processes in use, and also what percentage of the ore value can be saved. The element of luck is becoming more and more eliminated. Especially in mines which contain large bodies of low-grade ore, the capitalist who puts in his money can calculate, at least as exactly as in the case of an iron-mine or a coal-mine, whether he can make a profit, and about how much that profit will be; and the value of the product is much more stable than in the case of the iron or coal mine, for gold is the standard of value, while coal and iron continually fluctuate.

It is in bringing facts like these to the attention of operators and investors generally, in demonstrating that gold-mining is a regular and legitimate business, in comparing notes as to methods and cost of production, in getting mining men better acquainted with one another, that a convention like this has a practical effect. Of its moral effect, as showing the practical acceptance of the existing situation of the mining men, who are resolved, since the world wants gold, to mine all of it they can and neglect silver comparatively for the present, and as showing also the possibility of a convention of mining men, a majority of whom are for the free coinage of silver, coming together in session for three days and attending rigorously to the business of the gathering, and suppressing all attempts to make political capital out of it—of this mention has already been made, and this alone would be more than a compensation for the trouble and time and money that were expended in bringing the convention together.

It was largely due to the effort to establish a bureau of mines and mining at Washington that the convention changed its name from the International Gold-mining Convention to the International Mining Congress. At the next session all sorts of mining will be considered. Whether this was a wise move may be doubted. Only experience can demonstrate the feasibility of a convention which shall undertake to consider all kinds of mining.

The next session is to be held at Salt Lake City, and in view of the environment it is reasonable to expect that the practical work of the convention will be largely on the same lines as that of the one just held.

"CALIFORNIA, '97"—A WONDERFUL CONVENTION.

BY REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK.

In some respects the sixteenth international convention of the societies of Christian Endeavor, held in San Francisco, July 7–12, was the greatest and most successful ever held. A total registration of over 26,000 Endeavorers, an attendance of 40,000 different people who had come to San Francisco expressly for the convention, an aggregate attendance at all the meetings of not less than 300,000, tells the story so far as mere numbers go; but how small a part of such a story figures can tell!

They do not tell of enthusiasms kindled, of devotion aroused, of patriotism stimulated, of loyalty pledged to God and the Church and the country, of friendships cemented, of hearts inspired by the call of duty. Yet these intangible results of the convention are the ones best worth recording, though they cannot be tabulated or so easily expressed in written characters.

But even in mere size this convention compared favorably with the great gatherings that have preceded it, though it was held on the westernmost rim of the continent, nearly three thousand miles from the centre of the Christian Endeavor hosts. To be sure, one or two conventions have exceeded it in size—notably the Boston convention of '95, attended by more than 56,000 delegates. But when we remember the vast distances traversed, and that the immediate local constituency of the society is comparatively small, the attendance of 40,000 persons who had come from a greater or lesser distance to attend the convention was remarkable. For days the Western railroads were blocked with such a traffic as was never known since the last golden spike at Promontory secured in its place the iron girdle between the East and the West.

Trains rolled into San Francisco twelve, twenty-four, thirty-six hours late, reporting that still scores of trains with thousands of passengers were behind them. The last of the excursionists did not reach San Francisco until three days after schedule time. As a railroad man on the Denver and Rio Grande said, with pardonable exaggeration, "You can walk on the tops of the Pullman cars all the way from Colorado Springs to Cañon City." Forty-two thousand passengers, we are told, crossed the mountains, of whom probably one-half attended the convention, the other half being excursionists attracted by the cheap rates.

Yet, though the throngs were so great and the consequent delay was serious, the railroads struggled with the congested traffic as well as possible, though if they had listened to and believed the predictions of the leaders of the society concerning the probable attendance they would have been better able to cope with the unexpected rush of business.

But even the leaders were surprised, and each State delegation of Endeavorers was nearly twice as large as was at first expected. However, I heard no complaints even from the most belated passengers; all felt that under the circumstances everything possible was done for their comfort and safety, and every newly arrived delegation declared that they had the banner train, the best company, and the most joyous time of all on the way.

The arrangements in San Francisco were all that could be desired. The numerous committees, numbering in all 2000 or 3000 young men and women, did their work most efficiently. Beautiful auditoriums with capital acoustic qualities were provided. The streets were gay with bunting by day and brilliant with electric-light welcomes by night. A great arch spangled with electric-light devices spanned Market Street, with the dates, "Maine, 1881," "California, 1897," on either side. The Golden Gate Park was bright with flower devices in purple and gold, the California Christian Endeavor colors, telling of the city's welcome, and on every hand signals of gladness and greeting awaited the visitors. The speakers who were advertised, among them many of the most eloquent divines of the country, were present almost without exception; the tide of joyous enthusiasm rose higher and higher with each succeeding day. The convention passed off without accident or flaw of any kind, and though now only a memory, it is an imperishable memory for all who enjoyed it.

What are the lasting results? They are not easy to formulate, but these are some of them: First, increased patriotism and love of country. To many youths and maidens this was their first long journey. They saw their own country under the most delightful circumstances. They spent from six to ten days crossing her broad prairies, climbing her rocky backbone, visiting, if only for a few brief hours, her great inland cities. Every mile was a lesson not only in geography, but in patriotism and love of country.

> My country, 'tis of thee,
> Sweet land of liberty,

will mean more to tens of thousands than it ever did before.

A second result was a destruction of unworthy sectionalism. From East and South and North and West they came. A thousand Endeavorers from Illinois, 150 from Texas, 800 from Pennsylvania, 300 from Kentucky, 600 from Massachusetts, 20 from Hawaii, 3 even from Alaska, etc., etc. There was no race line, no denominational line, no color line, no sectional line drawn. Maine and Tennessee, Vermont and Alabama, Canada and Oregon, rolled into San Francisco together, and when they got there they touched elbows in the crowded auditorium in the utmost fraternity.

Sectional prejudices cannot live in such an atmosphere; sectional jealousies wither and die. The evangelical denominations are every year entering more heartily into the movement. Many other countries besides our own and Canada were represented in the convention, for in

Great Britain, Australia, India, South Africa, and China the society is rapidly growing; while in Germany and in all other European countries a good beginning has been made. So that international as well as intersectional good feeling is promoted. As some one said at the convention, "The Endeavor movement is an arbitration treaty of love and good-will between the English-speaking races that cannot be amended or rejected."

A third result was the creation of a religious atmosphere. For a week at least in San Francisco it was the popular thing to be a Christian. "For the first time in my life I feel as though I was in the majority," said an aged minister of the coast. The Sunday of the convention was one of the most quiet and free from crime ever known in the city of the Golden Gate. Everybody seemed to be going to church. Many pastors had to organize one and two and even three overflow meetings. The papers reported the parks and pleasure resorts comparatively deserted, and every place of worship crowded.

Fourth; the greatest and best result was the wider outlook, the spiritual uplift, the Godward glance of the convention. Every one who attended lifted up his eyes "unto the hills." He could not help it. It was a mighty object-lesson to the whole country. Here were 40,000 people, nearly 30,000 of them young men and women, who were willing to spend their hard-earned money and their precious holiday weeks in going to a purely religious meeting rather than to some vacation pleasure resort. A prayer-meeting and a consecration service are more attractive to them than any combination of so-called amusements. Here is the great lesson of the convention: The Bible is not an obsolete book. The Gospel is not a discarded, powerless fable. The Church is not dying. The religion of Jesus Christ is the most mighty and regnant thing in this world to-day.

EARTHQUAKE OBSERVATIONS AT THE LICK OBSERVATORY.

BY EDWARD G. HOLDEN, LL.D.,
Director of the Observatory.

I have thought that a brief account of an earthquake shock recorded June 20, 1897, at the Lick Observatory might be interesting. The astronomical instruments of the observatory, in order to do their work properly, must remain in fixed positions. If they are moved, it is necessary to introduce slight corrections in the calculation of the results. In California we have many very slight shocks and tremors, and occasionally a shock as severe as the Charleston earthquake of 1886 (as, for example, the San Francisco earthquake of 1868, the Inyo County shock of 1872, and the Solano County shock of 1892). Most of these shocks are so light that they are not felt by any one who is moving about, but require a delicate instrument — technically, a *seismograph* — to detect them. In planning the instrumental equipment of the observatory it was arranged to install instruments of this kind, which would record the circumstances of an earthquake shock and also the exact time of its occurrence. Hence the astronomer, when he comes to calculate his observations, is on the lookout for changes in the position of his telescope such as might be produced by earthquakes; and as he knows the times at which all shocks occurred, it is easy for him to detect such effects. Our earthquake instruments were originally installed, therefore, solely as an aid to the accurate calculation of our astronomical observations, for which purpose the *time* is the only needed datum. The instruments, however, do more than record the time. They give a graphic representation of the motions of the earth. The observatory prints each year, in the *Publications* of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, an account of the shocks which have occurred in the past twelvemonth.

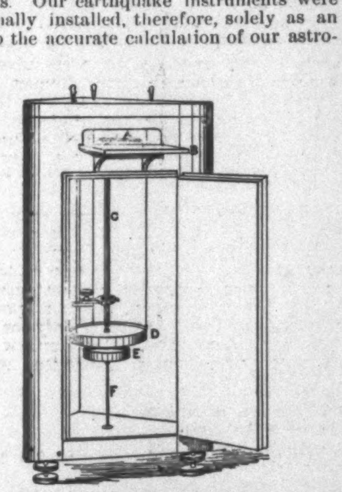


Fig. 1.—The Ewing Seismograph for recording Earthquakes. The Instrument is so constructed that the Mass D is steady during an Earthquake. Hence the Rod C and the Pen A are steady. The smoked-glass Plate B, on the other hand, moves with the moving Earth, and the Pen A Writes on the Plate the true Record of the Excursions of the Earth. (See Fig. 2.)

A very sudden and rather severe shock took place on Sunday, June 20, 1897, at about noon. Fig. 2 gives the trace of the motion of the earth (considerably magnified) as obtained by a seismograph (invented by Professor Ewing, of Cambridge, England), shown in Fig. 1. Such an instrument gives the trace in the horizontal directions only—east and west, north and south, *not* up and down — and it does not record the time. Other machines supply the missing data.

The Ewing seismograph consists, essentially, of two heavy pendulums joined together within a wooden box resting on a solid pier (see Fig. 1). The weight D is suspended by three wires and is very stable; the inverted pendulum F E is balanced on its points and is very unstable. They are joined together by a ball-joint near E, and their lengths and weights are so proportioned and adjusted that the system is steady during a shock (within limits). No matter how much the pier and the wooden box may tremble during a shock (within limits), the pendulum D remains steady. Hence the rod C is steady, and also the pen A, which is part of it. The box and the little shelf B, on the other hand, are moving as the earth moves. A smoked glass plate on B will move under the steady pen A, and will record the true trace of the earth's motion, especially for light shocks. In heavy ones the limits are passed, and the whole system has a vibration of its own which falsifies to some degree the recorded motion of the earth alone. For all ordinary purposes, however, this exceedingly simple and ingenious instrument is entirely satisfactory.

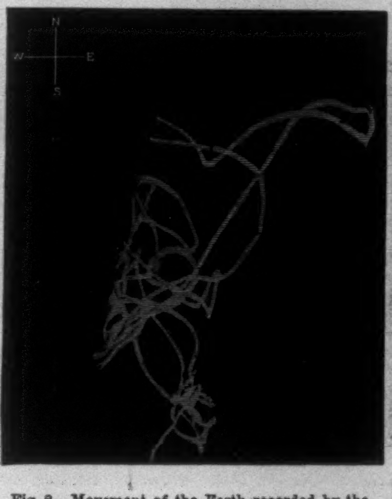


Fig. 2.—Movement of the Earth recorded by the Ewing Seismograph at the Lick Observatory, June 20, 1897, at 12 h. 12 m. 56 s. (noon), magnified. The Trail commences at the Bottom of the Cut.

On the day in question the pen was quietly resting on the plate (at the bottom of the cut, Fig. 2). The first few shocks were quite sharp and sudden, and the pen moved by quick jerks towards the northeast. The subsequent tremors and excursions are plainly registered in Fig. 2 (somewhat magnified), and can be followed by the eye. It is necessary to say, however, that the record is not quite complete on the western side, because the pen in its excursions here met a wire which was unintentionally left in its path and to a slight extent interfered with its movements. Still, the record is a good one, and it is quite instructive. If the machine were perfect, the pen should return, at the end of the earthquake, to very near its point of starting; but friction and other causes, some of which have been referred to, usually interfere to prevent this exact return in most *long* shocks, as they have in this one. One of the effects of a shock of this intensity is to produce nausea in those who experience it. The trace of the shock in Fig. 2 shows why this is. The motions of the earth are quite analogous to those of a vessel on the high sea. During our experience of nine years at Mount Hamilton there has been only one shock more severe than that which has just been described.

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ALASKAN GOLD-FIELDS.

When Mr. Seward purchased Alaska for $7,000,000 it was thought he had bought an ice-box. Alaska, however, has proved to be Uncle Sam's gold-box, or strong-box. The first dividend of Alaska was the seal-skin, which speedily reimbursed the National Treasury with the cost price of the Territory. It would seem that time has been wasted in catching seals, as we are now told that gold may be had for the shovelling in the head-waters of the Yukon.

Gold-mining in Alaska is divided into the same two general classes that prevail elsewhere, placer and quartz, the former in gulches and the latter in the mountains. While the greater excitement prevails in regard to the placer Klondike region, some of the greatest mining operations of the continent are carried on in the coast region some sixty miles north of Juneau. Immense capital is invested in the coast mines about Seward City, operated mostly by the Rothschilds, D. O. Mills, the Noewells of Boston, the Berners Bay Mining and Milling Company, under the direction of Colonel John F. Plummer, of New York, and others. The product of the Juneau mines for 1896 was $2,500,000—equal to the product of all the placer districts of the Territory.

Juneau is the key to the new Klondike region and the head-waters of the Yukon. Those who are wise take this short though difficult route, and make their way over Chilkoot Pass to the lakes and head-waters of the Yukon, thence to float down stream, instead of going upward from St. Michael. A glance at a map will show the proximity of the Juneau coast mines to the Klondike placers, across the border, in British possessions. It is possible that some day mining will be continuous from the coast to Klondike, quartz and fissure veins prevailing in the altitudes and placers in the gulches and stream-beds. It seems anomalous that would-be miners should hurry through the richest gold-fields in the world at Seward City in order to reach the lesser placers of the Klondike. But such is the notoriety of the placers that tenderfoot and old-timer alike tramp unheeding over millions of tons of quartz veins of gold, situated convenient to the ocean, in order to reach a region almost inaccessible, and from which it is difficult and dangerous to take the product.

The Yukon Basin covers a vast area of the interior of Alaska and the adjoining Canadian territory. From source to mouth are vast treasure-beds, not only of untold millions of gold, but of coal, copper, marble, and all metals, awaiting development. Recent explorations have developed the amazing fact that probably all of the innumerable tributaries of the Yukon carry flour gold, which increases in coarseness as one ascends to the sources. Fortunately the Yukon is navigable for most of its entire length, and its tributaries will admit of smaller and flat-bottomed craft. Of course, only the smallest fraction of Alaska, and even less of the Canadian territory, has been prospected. Nor have the prospected sections been thoroughly gone over, as yet.

Fortune-seekers report discoveries and fortunes almost incredible, and perhaps scarcely paralleled in the history of gold-mining, even by the well-remembered scenes of the Cassair and Caribou. In 1893 only 300 people had penetrated the Yukon gold-fields, increasing to 3000 in 1895. The past season has witnessed an influx of many thousands, attracted by the reports which have come back to civilization. Transportation facili-

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ties have been increased, and will doubtless keep pace with the march of the new ambitions. Too much stress cannot be laid on the warning that comes from the Yukon that only those who intend to engage in mining should make the journey. Professional men, clerks, bookkeepers, etc., will find no occupation. No one should go there without at least $500 in pocket, and stores of food and clothing. To all such, it may be said, a fortune awaits for two years of hard work.

The climate of Alaska is healthy. The winters on the coast in the vicinity of Sitka and Juneau are comparatively mild. Although excessively cold in the interior gold regions, the air is dry, making the climate endurable with suitable clothing, shelter, and fuel. The summer season is short and delightful, with but little rainfall. The winters are almost dayless and the summers nightless. The mining season would ordinarily last from two to four months annually, but necessity has resulted in the method known as "burning"—that is, fires and tunnels, by means of which work is prosecuted during the winter. Pay dirt is stored on the banks of streams, and in spring is ready for the sluice-box when water is released from ice. Climate is no longer a factor in Alaska mining. The Yukon region is at present one of the great game-fields of the world, but the miners threaten to kill off the animals for food, and it is to be hoped that Canada and the United States will adopt timely measures of protection. The upper basin is productive of bear, moose, caribou, and small game; the streams have salmon, white-fish, trout, etc. The lower areas abound in ducks, swans, geese, grouse, etc.

Forty-Mile Post, Fort Cuddahy, Circle City, Seward City, Juneau, and Sitka—the first three in the Yukon basin, the last three on the coast—are the principal mining settlements and centres. Circle City has a population of nearly 3000, with stores, hotels, etc. Fort Cuddahy and Forty-Mile Post are in Canadian territory, and develop rapidly with the mining interests. All along the Yukon are native villages and small settlements of traders, missionaries, and Indians. The Yukon is navigable 1200 miles for large craft. After that many kinds of small craft may be used. Fort Cuddahy is the present terminus of the steamboat line, although not at the end of navigation. The fare from Seattle *viâ* St. Michael to Circle City, Fort Cuddahy, and Forty-Mile Post is $150, which includes berths and meals.

DAWSON CITY, AT THE MOUTH OF THE KLONDIKE, ALASKA, JUNE, 1897.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE KLONDIKE.

Dawson City, Yukon, Northwest Territory, June 23, 1897.

Dawson City, born last fall at the mouth of the Klondike, where it empties into the Yukon, will soon be one of the world's great placer camps. But for the difficulty of communication with the outer world it would be now. Discovered last August by a squaw-man and an Indian, it was not until December, when a hole was sunk to bed-rock, that the great richness of the strike was known. Holes went down rapidly, and $5, $10, $50, $150 to the pan were found on bed-rock, picked pans going as high as $500. Owing to scarcity of men, only a few hundred being here, comparatively little was done, as the men wanted to work on shares, though wages went up to $15 per day.

It was late in the winter before much was done, yet, despite this, about $1,500,000 was sluiced out of the dumps on El Dorado this spring, and about $500,000 out of Bonanza Creek—which was taken out by men who in the fall had not, many of them, money for a grub stake. Many of the locators have sold out for from $10,000 to $50,000, and the buyers will reap a fortune. The diggings are generally "drift," or winter diggings, the ground, eternally frozen, being thawed by fire, and pay dirt hoisted to the surface, to be sluiced in the spring. The winters are intensely cold, the thermometer going down to −70° at times. In the summer it goes as high as 93° in the shade, 115° in the sun, in the long June-July days.

The scarcity of "grub" is the constant dread of miners here, and should there be any great rush this fall, great suffering and starvation must result, as the companies cannot fill the demand, and it is a terrible trip to get out of the country in winter, and then only when well provisioned and with good dog teams. Next summer facilities will be enlarged, and any one coming here should wait until then. The gold territory is a large one, though such a gulch as El Dorado is likely never to be found again, and the Yukon will be one of the great gold countries of the world.

William D. Johns.

WINTER DRIFTING ON EL DORADO GULCH, ALASKA.

THE RUSSIAN CENSUS.

RUSSIA GROWING.

The publication of the returns of the first "one-day census" ever taken in Russia reveals some very interesting facts, although the items are by no means all before the world. The first fact is the census itself, which is the first of any degree of completeness since 1851. In 1858 a partial but still somewhat unsatisfactory one was taken; but with that exception, reliance has been placed on estimates based in their turn on isolated censuses of cities and some provinces. This time, under the general direction of the vice-president of the Russian Geographical Society, 230,000 persons, including a large number of students, have been employed in the only satisfactory way to secure an absolutely accurate enumeration of the population.

The next fact is the steady and rapid growth of the population. The census of 1851 gave 67,380,645. Twenty years later the estimate was 85,685,945; in 1882, 102,889,520; in 1890, 118,014,187. The present census gives 129,211,113. Meanwhile the territorial additions have been of comparatively little importance, so that the increase may fairly be set down as the normal growth. This is more than double the rate in Germany, while France is standing aghast at finding that she has not grown at all—is, in fact, standing still. In this connection it is interesting to note that while in Russia itself there is much the same proportion of males to females as in the rest of Europe, in other parts of the empire there are far more men than women, so that the balance gives an exactly even proportion of each.

The third fact of special note is the growth of cities. In the past the chief strength of Russia has been in her rural population. There have been few large cities and few large towns. Now St. Petersburg has 1,267,023 inhabitants, and ranks closely with Vienna, and not so far below Berlin. Moscow has very nearly a million, Warsaw over 600,000, while among the 19 cities of over 100,000 are Tiflis and Baku in the Caucasus, as well as Kieff, Kharkoff, Riga, and others in Russia, and Tashkend in Asia. There are also 35 cities whose population is between 50,000 and 100,000, and 69 more under 50,000 but over 25,000. The growth has been very rapid. In 1891 Moscow had only 800,000, and in five years St. Petersburg has gained one-sixth of her present population.

The first thought that comes in connection with these facts is that of the immense vitality of the race. There is no immigration; the growth is natural, normal, and it indicates a marvellous power, which must inevitably increase rather than decrease. What is to be the effect of this increasing power? Russia is to-day the dominant influence in Europe, not more by reason of the skill of her statesmen than by reason of the inherent force of her people. Setting aside her Asiatic provinces, she outranks Germany and Austria-Hungary combined by 26,000,000, while with the addition of the Steppe provinces she has more to call upon for defence than the whole Triple Alliance. The male population of European Russia alone, without taking Poland or the Caucasus, is almost equal to the entire population of the German Empire, while the proportion of population to territory, only eight per square mile, shows that there is ample room for even more rapid development in the future. Considered merely as a collection of individuals, it is easy to believe that before very long she will, or may, not merely overshadow but overawe and overbear the whole of adjoining Europe. With central Europe very nearly stationary and Russia growing at such a rate, it will be only a question of time when Russian rule will take the place of Russian influence.

The third fact, however, comes in as in some sense a counterbalance. The growth of cities shows that the Russian himself is changing. The zemstvo is giving place to the municipality, the muzhik is becoming a citizen who no longer obeys blindly either the official or the nihilist leader, but reads and thinks for himself. Nihilism is in the background. Socialism is coming to the front, and strikes are succeeding to plots against the officials. Autocracy has not ceased. Administrative process is still in vogue. It is no safer now than it has been for men or women of high position to assert themselves in opposition to the established order, but this is on the surface. Underneath there is a movement, how strong it is as yet impossible to estimate, yet genuine, and in all human probability destined to increase, which will at some time assert itself.

Will this assertion be in the form of revolution? Is the France of a century ago to be repeated in the Russia of the next century? That is the question, whether spoken or unspoken, which is in the minds of all—Russians probably as well as those who look on with wonder and somewhat of dread, as one watches the incoming of a high tide. With all his stolidity, there is a strangely powerful element of imagination in the Russian. In what other country on the globe could such a self-immolation have occurred as when those misguided fanatics suffered themselves to be walled up alive, and held themselves so firm that when the bodies were exhumed it is said there were no traces of the death-struggle? The wildest fakirs of India, the most ferocious votaries of the bloody Muharram in Persia, show no greater power of fanaticism than many of the sects of Russia, such as the skopsi or eunuchs, while the heroism of the Huguenots or of the victims of Diocletian was no more pure than that of many of the Stundists of the present day. This element, misdirected, inflamed with false ambition, aroused by evil men, might well spread like a scourge. It constitutes a great danger, and the future safety of the empire depends upon the way in which it is guided.

Fortunately there are indications that wiser counsels than have too often governed are coming into control. Proposals are under consideration for lightening the severity of the press laws, and while there is no change in the form of statement of law, the number of dissenters in prison is said to be rapidly diminishing. It is to be remembered, also, that the Church has a strong hold upon the people, and has never committed itself to that bitter opposition to reading the Scriptures which has been characteristic of most Roman Catholic governments. The problem for the Russian authorities is how to furnish opportunity for development, how to utilize the vitality of the race, and to keep it in line with the best interests of the nation. For this the first essential is peace, and the results of this census make more apparent than ever the reason for the absolute insistence by the Czar's government on the prevention of war. Every possible means must be used for internal development, meeting the changing conditions of a wonderfully growing empire. In view of these facts, it is scarcely surprising that the Christians of Turkey are overlooked, or that the friendship of a republic is sought by the most absolute monarchy in existence.

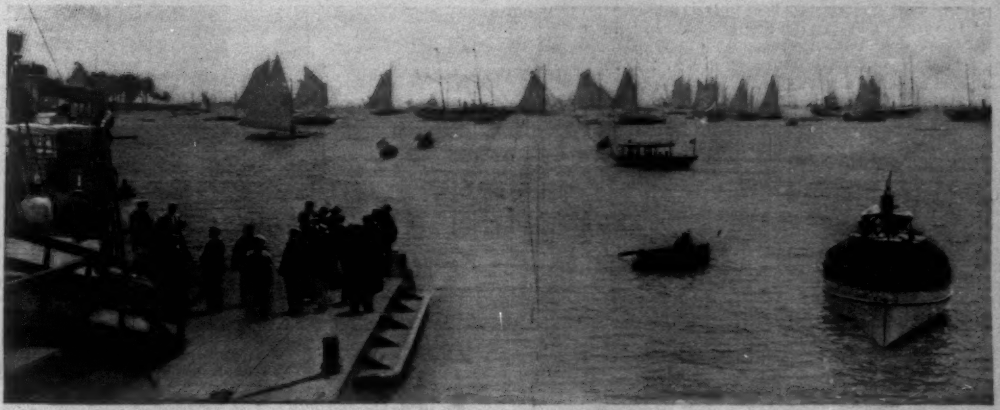
Edwin Munsell Bliss.

ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

A rock-ribbed shore. A distant wall of blue.
Blue sea, with sails besprinkled here and there.
An anodyne of glory in the air
To one who, lying in an open boat,
Looks up to other sails that softly float
Upon another tide of azure blue.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

AMATEVR-SPORT


THE LARCHMONT HARBOR FROM THE CLUB DOCK.

When the lawn-tennis season opened this year it looked as though the '97 standard of the American game would depend on the amount of development made by Whitman, Ware, Sheldon, and Driscoll, who comprised the promising younger element of last year. Gradually several of the older players have made their appearance, although there are still absentees, who are very unlikely to put in an appearance. Of the veterans, Wrenn, Larned, and Stevens are really the only ones who can be counted upon to play at Newport. Clarence Hobart will certainly not play in tournaments this year, and Carr Neel, Hovey, and Chace are probably out of the game. At all events, the present situation is not hopeful for the '97 attainment of American lawn-tennis. Wrenn and Larned are the only men playing who may be called first class, and Larned is very unsteady.

This first-class representation, however, small as it is, will constitute the bulwark of American defence against the impending English invasion. And of this representation, Wrenn is really our only dependable champion. Larned has skill, and has made some highly praiseworthy records, but so many times after performing brilliantly he has failed to sustain the pace that we can only view him in the light of a hope which is as likely to be realized as not. He did well in England last year—well enough to be rated sixth—and reached the semi-finals at Newport, where he was beaten by Wrenn.

As for that promising younger set, it has only in part given evidence of adequately supplying the depleted first class. Driscoll has surpassed expectations, and Ware's performances in Canada seem to indicate that he will equal expectations. But Sheldon and Whitman have fallen much below the mark their '96 work suggested for the opening of '97.

Perhaps it will be interesting and instructive at the opening of the '97 season to publish the '96 official ranking:

Class 1—Owes three-fourths of fifteen. R. D. Wrenn, W. A. Larned, C. B. Neel, F. H. Hovey.

Class 2, scratch—E. P. Fischer, G. L. Wrenn, R. Stevens.

Class 3—Receives one-fourth of fifteen. M. D. Whitman, L. E. Ware, G. P. Sheldon, C. R. Budlong.

Class 4—Receives one-half of fifteen. G. W. Lee, J. D. Forbes, W. M. Scudder, J. C. Neely.

Class 5—Receives three-fourths of fifteen. D. F. Davis, H. Ward, R. P. Davis, W. A. Bethel, C. P. Dodge, J. C. Davidson, A. P. Hawes.

Class 6—Receives fifteen. C. Cragin, R. Fincke, Y. M. Edwards, R. H. Carlton, H. E. Avery.

A PICTURESQUE BIT OF LARCHMONT SHORE.

Several Eastern players were not ranked because they played too seldom. Clarence Hobart, for instance, beat Wrenn at Orange early in the season, and did not play again. A. E. Foote won the New England championship, beating Malcolm Chace, but neither of them played thereafter. Driscoll beat Ware and Budlong in the Inter-collegiate championships, and lost to Whitman.

Few Western and Southern men are rated because of the Ranking Committee's unfamiliarity with the players in those sections. That, however, is poor consolation to the individuals West and South, and not likely to popularize either the game or the Association. The Association should follow the example of the League of American Wheelmen, and appoint sectional representatives and, now that classification has been attempted, sectional handicappers. Otherwise little permanent general good will result.

Thus the first ten players are R. D. Wrenn, Larned, C. B. Neel, Hovey, Fischer, G. L. Wrenn, Stevens, Whitman, Ware, and Sheldon, and, of these, four only are really first class, and but two of them are in active play this season.

The Southern championship at Washington was the earliest tournament of the year, and gave Thomas A. Driscoll the first opportunity of showing how much he has improved since he won the Pacific Coast championship, and defeated Ware and Budlong in the Inter-collegiate championship last autumn. He met J. C. Davidson, one of the strongest of the Southern experts, in the first round, and defeated him handily in straight sets; and having beaten F. P. Warfield, he then encountered last year's Southern champion, J. P. Paret, from whom he also easily won in four sets.

The New England championship had several Western entries, notably O. T. Wilson, of Chicago, but both he and J. C. Belden, also of Chicago, were defeated in the first round—Kellogg, from the same city, surviving. Richard Hooker was the most formidable man to dispute Driscoll's progress, but his effort was unavailing, the Southern champion defeating him very easily in straight sets. Arthur E. Foote, winner in '96, being absent, Driscoll acquired, by default, another championship.

The Massachusetts State Tournament at Longwood had, as usual, a well-filled entry list, with some excellent play resulting.

It served, too, to bring Holcomb Ward once more before the tennis world, and this time in the successful rôle of State champion, won by beating Ware in the finals and through R. D. Wrenn's default of the title. Ward has entered Harvard, and the chances are good that the ability which his occasional appearance has suggested as latent will now be fully developed.

Ware met Whitman in the third round, and beat him with surprising ease—with such ease, indeed, it seemed as though Whitman were ailing. Neither Ware nor Ward was put to much exertion in their other matches.

The Metropolitan (N. Y.) championship provided some exceedingly interesting play between the second-class men. J. C. Davidson beat W. Gordan Parker, 6–3, 6–3, and E. P. Fischer beat J. P. Paret, 6–4, 6–4, in the second round. In the semi-final S. C. Millett created a mild sensation by beating Fischer, 6–4, 4–6, 6–4, though Davidson's conquest of Parker, 7–5, 6–3, was not unexpected. So also Millett's victory over Davidson, 6–4, 11–9, 7–5, which gave him the tournament, was on the cards, although the Southerner made an exciting contest of it.

Millett, with G. L. Wrenn, won also the doubles over Fischer and Parker.

The Middle States championship at Orange furnished quite the most interesting play, and was the first tournament to bring out any of the older men, Stevens and Larned and Millett being entered. One of the surprises of the early rounds was the success of J. P. Paret, who beat both Ware and Sheldon. Paret, although a greatly improved player over his form of a couple of years ago, has neither the form nor brilliancy of either of these two young collegians, his success being due to steady, consistent play, and therefore the more creditable.

Millett's light went out on the third day, partly because of his own poor play—his lobbing especially being badly judged—and partly because Whitman put up a much stronger game than he had shown at Longwood, and smashed with exceeding accuracy. Ward's prospects were also cut short by Larned.

The semi-finals found Stevens and Paret, and Larned and Whitman, opposed. Neither match was close, and the ease with which Paret was defeated indicated, after his victory over Ware and Sheldon a couple of days earlier in the week, how wide apart are the games of the first class and that "coming" class on which hang all the hopes of American tennis in the immediate future. The prospect is sufficiently doleful to drive us all to golf.

Whitman hardly played well enough to make his match interesting, and Larned won with great ease, showing the best tennis of the week.

Stevens managed to prolong one set deuce in his match with Larned, but otherwise the latter had very little difficulty in winning with play that was always good tennis, and occasionally very brilliant. If Larned could only maintain his brilliant streaks he would have been a winner at Newport long ago. His winning Stevens score was 6–3, 7–5, 6–1. Clarence Hobart, holder, defaulting in consequence of his father's death, Larned won the title without farther effort.

Whitman did better work in the handicap singles, which he won, beating C. P. Dodge, who beat Edward Lyman for the consolation. H. Ward and D. F. Davis, both of Harvard, made a strong doubles combination, beating Larned and Stevens, who were an ill-assorted pair, but finally succumbing to Leo Ware (Harvard) and G. P. Sheldon, Jr. (Yale).

The Canadian championship served to rather brilliantly exploit Ware, who, if sustaining the pace he has recently cut out, may finally outrun his confrères and swell that diminished first class. We hope he may. His game is a thoroughly good one, he is a sportsman, and the first class is in dire need of re-enforcement.

Fischer's play was not up to the best form he has revealed on occasions, as may be judged by the difficulty (10–8, 7–5) with which he defeated J. P. Paret. And this is not to belittle Paret's game, which, though having made most commendable advancement, is yet far below Fischer's. Whitman made rather a good showing, being opposed by comparatively easy men, until he met Ware in the semi-finals, and then he was outplayed at every point, Ware winning, 4–6, 6–1, 7–5. Fischer, who had not previously met a formidable opponent, beat Sheldon (6–4, 6–2) also in the semi-finals so easily that the Yale man appeared a novice in comparison.

In the final Ware defeated Fischer in straight sets, 8–6, 6–1, 6–2, and as R. D. Wrenn defaulted, he won with it the championship of the Dominion. Ware's play against Fischer was very clever and hard tennis, for though Fischer is not at his top form, he was sufficiently near it at Niagara to require good work to beat him. Ware subsequently won the handicap event, and, with Sheldon, the Canadian championship doubles from Fischer and Whitman, 6–1, 6–4, 2–6, 6–3. Miss Juliette Atkinson, of Brooklyn, also successfully defended her title to the woman's singles championship. So the conquest of lawn-tennis Canada seems to have been rather thorough.

Meantime an interesting if modest struggle was pending at Morristown, New Jersey, for the possession of the Morris County Field Club trophy. It was local in entries, and won by J. D. Forbes, who easily disposed of several opponents.

In the West the Chicago Club's annual tournament has developed a new claimant for Western honors in Kreigh Collins. He entered the tournament somewhat unknown, but made the notable record of playing through without losing a single match, defeating W. S. Bond, L. H. Waidner, W. L. Myers, Harvey McQuiston, Norris Mundy—all of them familiar names in Middle Western tennis.

The interest of Chicago, indeed of us all, at the present moment, is centred on the Western championship singles and the United States championship doubles, which began Monday (July 26) on the Kenwood Courts.

Carr B. Neel now holds the singles, and the Neel brothers the doubles championship, but it is very doubtful if they will defend the doubles—though S. R. Neel is an entry for the singles, and Carr Neel, who is very much confined by his professional duties in Michigan, may spare time to defend his title. If he does, and has had any opportunity at all for practice, it is safe to say he will defend it successfully.

Unless Ware and Sheldon, who have gone West for the doubles, also enter for the singles, there will be no likely Eastern winners in the tournament. And very properly so. Of the Western aspirants for singles honors the most promising are S. R. Neel, Bond, Neeley, Waidner, Myers, Collins, and Evarts Wrenn. S. T. Chase, one-time champion, and J. W. Carver, will neither of them enter. Among the local men, Collins, by his recent performance at the Chicago Club tournament, would seem to be a favorite, although S. R. Neel has perhaps a cleverer game, which hitherto he has not been able to sustain throughout a five-set match.

Entries are reported as numerous, but, with only a familiar name here and there, are unknown to the tennis world. One of these is D. Davis, from St. Louis, who caught R. D. Wrenn off form at Newport last year and beat him one set out of four. Belden, who has had so successful a career in the Northwest, is another. Even George Whitney, the Pacific coast champion, is said to be coming, but that very likely is mere rumor. Ware has a good chance of winning from any one of these men, and so would Sheldon if he had the form of last summer.

If the Neels do not defend the doubles championship, Ware and Sheldon will have an excellent opportunity of bringing that title back with them.

I should rather see a Western team win it, and if the National Association Committee does what is wise in this hour of lawn-tennis need, it will prohibit touring the country for championship trophies. Only national events should be open to the country. The Western singles or doubles championship should be open only to a Western man, the New England championship only to a New-Englander, the Southern to a Southerner. If this were done, more encouragement would be offered resident players.

The lawn-tennis event, however, towards which all American eyes are now directed is the Longwood (Boston) tournament this week. Through the entrance of the Britishers—Mahoney, Eaves, and Nisbet—the tourney becomes international, with R. D. Wrenn and W. A. Larned the mainstay of our hopes for American success.

The most expert of these visiting Britishers is H. S. Mahoney, who held the All-England championship in '96, but was recently defeated for the title by a Cambridge University man, R. F. Doherty, in straight sets, 6–4, 6–4, 6–3, after the latter had beaten W. Baddeley in the semi-finals, 6–3, 6–0, 6–3. In company with Dr. Joshua Pim, the then English champion, Mahoney visited this country in 1895, and both played at Longwood, meeting Hobart, Hovey, Larned, and Chace—R. D. Wrenn, in fact, being the only absentee of our first-class. The results of that meeting were, briefly: Mahoney beat Hobart, Larned,

THE CLUB LAUNCH DELIVERING GUESTS TO YACHTS.

Hovey, and Chace; Pim beat Larned, Hovey, Chace—and Mahony twice; Pim was beaten by Hobart, who throughout the match maintained one of those brilliant streaks which have proved him invincible on occasions. Hobart and Hovey beat Pim and Mahony in the most brilliant doubles matches I have ever seen.

MAHONY'S FORM IS HIGH CLASS, and his play reminds one of that other high-class British player, M. F. Goodbody, who, in '94, by beating Larned, won the All Comers at Newport, but was beaten for the National championship by R. D. Wrenn, the present champion The Irishman's service is sure and well placed, and frequently he runs up on it, as Campbell used to do and Carr Neel does. Both in back and fore handed play he gives a decided cut, not unlike the court-tennis stroke. He seems to prefer making returns backhanded, and is the strongest backhand player who has played in America. He keeps the head of the racket, on these strokes, higher than the hand, and the entire racket, in consequence, is about horizontal, whereas all our players maintain an almost vertical racket.

W. V. Eaves is also first class, and for several years has maintained a position among the best four or six of British players. In the All-England championship this year he won his way to the final, meeting Doherty, who beat him two sets, 6-3, 7–5, and had him 2 love on the third, when Eaves, who was not well, defaulted. Volleying is the strong point in Eaves's game.

Nisbett is not so well known on this side, nor is he so strong a player as either of the other two. He is, however, of the first class.

There seems slight hope of a conqueror of Mahony furnished by the Longwood entries. If Larned could sustain one of those brilliant streaks he sometimes exhibits, he might beat Mahony, but not otherwise. On every day—six out of seven day—form Mahony is the better man. What Larned can do with Eaves remains to be seen; he has a chance of winning if he can play steadily. Stevens or any of the others do not seem to have a chance.

THE HONOR OF THE AMERICAN GAME on this occasion, as it will in every event this season in which the Britishers enter, rests upon R D. Wrenn. He is the only man we have who plays a high-class game and can be depended on to die in the last ditch. He holds the Longwood Cup and will defend it, meeting Mahony in all probability. Mahony is a stronger player than Goodbody, whom Wrenn defeated, and it must be remembered that he comes to us just after the English championship, fitted by a hard preliminary season. Our season, on the other hand, is but just begun, and Longwood will be Wrenn's first appearance this year in singles. The chances are certainly against Wrenn defeating Mahony at Longwood.

AN INVITATION TOURNAMENT, August 2, given by the St. George Cricket and Tennis Club at Hoboken, New Jersey, will follow Longwood. The contestants will be Mahony, Eaves, Nisbett, Wrenn, Larned, and Stevens. The scheme of play is that every American meets every Englishman, but the Englishmen and Americans do not meet one of their own nationality. In this way there will be an absolutely fair test between the two, with no wasted energy in matches not bearing directly upon the absorbing question of international supremacy.

With Longwood to tune him up, Wrenn is sure to play a stronger game on this occasion; perhaps he might even beat Mahony. But I do not look for him to be at his best before Newport, and then should Mahony win the All Comers—as there is great probability of his doing—Wrenn, I think, may be depended on to keep the United States championship in the United States.

MEANTIME THE ST. GEORGE CLUB, of which R. D. Stevens is the practical sponsor, is withholding no effort to provide good courts and attractive prizes for this very important tournament.

Following Hoboken, the Englishmen will rest until the United States championship tournament, which opens Tuesday, August 17, at Newport.

It is greatly to be regretted that the fact of there being three expert foreign players in our midst, seeking to carry our highest lawn-tennis honors out of the country, is not sufficient to keep in active practice those Americans that have but just stepped out of the game. It is a pity, indeed, Hovey and Carr Neel and Malcolm Chace cannot find time and inclination to enter at Newport.

THE 20-FOOT FREAKS—one-raters, so called, and erroneously so—have had their trial races in Oyster Bay under the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Club auspices. The one which the committee considers the best all-round boat will next month sail for the Seawanhaka-Corinthian International Challenge Cup, which Mr. George Duggan's 15-footer *Glencairn* captured last year from *El Heirie*. Last year the match race was on Oyster Bay; this year it will be on Lake St. Louis, about ten miles from Montreal.

Up to the day of our going to press, there has been no official declaration of the committee's choice, but the four days of racing furnished rather convincing evidence of the superiority of *Momo*, and she is more than likely to be finally appointed to represent the club. Certainly *Momo* made the most consistent record for the week, and did the most uniform work. *Skate's* upset on the first day gave *Momo* that race, but *Skate* proved by her subsequent work that, although exceptionally fast in reaching, she is slow on other points of sailing. *Momo*, on the other hand, was a good second to *Skate* on that first day of wind and sea—close enough to get first handily when *Skate* turned over.

On the other days light wind prevailed, and on two of them *Momo's* success was emphatic. She attained the lead early and held it to the finish. In the fourth race a slight accident to her jib and rather poor handling were sufficient to lose her first place to *Al-Anka*, which was well handled.

THE CLASS ORIGINALLY HAD TWELVE entries, but *Pioneer* and *Asthore* were failures as racing-machines, and *Mary*, *Idea*, and *Vagary* sailed only a couple of times and then withdrew. This reduced the class to seven, and one of those, *Arauca*, cut very little figure in the racing.

Name.	Length				Beam.		Owner.
	Over all.		L.W.L.				
	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	ft.	in.	
Arauca (centreboard) .	30	08	17	06	10	01¼	W. W. Howard.
Al-Anka (centreboard)	31	00	17	06	8	06	C. H. Crane.
Keneu (centreboard)..	30	06	17	00	8	00	Montgomery Clark.
Montauk (fin keel) ...	29	00	17	06	6	11	Charles Olmstead.
Momo (centreboard) ..	29	06	17	06	8	00	H. M. Crane.
Skate (centreboard)...	30	00	17	06	8	00	Irving Cox.
Shark (fin keel)	30	00	17	06	6	00	

As a means to winning back the Challenge Cup perhaps these freaks will serve a beneficent purpose, and in time lead to the designing of something more worthy of the name of boat. But as for making any impression on naval architecture or in any particular suggesting a future class, they are of no consequence at all.

THESE BOATS ARE ALL CUT off substantially the same pattern—some flatter and broader than others, but all of them unsightly, with a depth of hull running from five to eight inches. The only praiseworthy feature of such a freak class is the demand created for good sailor-men, and the consequent development in this direction. It takes good work to sail one of these pumpkin-seed things on its beam end, or even to keep it afloat on occasion.

The boats which raced for this International trophy last year and the year before were 15-footers, and I fail to see what practical advantage this year's 20-footers have over the smaller class. Their initial cost is more, twice as much—or, to be definite, the difference between $600 and $1500—it takes three men to sail the twenties, whereas two men could sail a 15-footer. The 15-footers were racing-machines, and so are the 20-footers, the latter class being more unwieldy to handle, and more useless, if possible, at the end of their racing life. Of course the 20-footer is faster than the 15-footer, but comparatively there is no apparent increase in speed,—besides which a half-dozen 10-second runners will make just as exciting racing as the same number of 9⅘-second men.

If as much fun can be had on $600 as on $1500, what is the sense in spending an extra $900, unless something is to be gained for the science of boat designing and building? This '97 class offers no such compensation. Moreover, greater cost lessens the number who can afford to join in the sport. There were nearly three times as many 15-footers last year as there were 20-footers this year at Oyster Bay.

A SMART SOUTHERLY GALE in the first trial stirred up Oyster Bay, drenched the crews, and buffeted the freaks mercilessly. Out of nine starters, three crossed the finish-line, accidents of various kinds having overtaken the other six. Those three were *Momo*, *Montauk*, and *Keneu*. *Skate*, which had done some excellent work in other regattas, and is perhaps, with its ferry-boat bow, the ugliest appearing of the lot, led the fleet until three hundred yards from home, when too much canvas and a sudden puff of wind turned her over.

Fickle winds ruled on the day of the second trial, and though the course was meant to be a test of the windward and leeward qualities of the boats, the shifting breezes defeated the committee's purpose. Nine started, and all finished save *Al-Anka*, which strained her mast. *Momo* again won, leading the fleet from the very first mark, although being the eighth across the starting-line. On the next to the last turn *Skate* caught *Momo*, and for one leg of reaching raced away from the fleet; but *Momo* subsequently overhauled and beat her on this her strongest point of sailing. There were only 6 seconds between *Momo* and *Skate*, while *Shark*—the third—was about 2 minutes behind *Skate*. The course was twelve miles.

THE THIRD OF THE TRIAL RACES was, to be truly Hibernian, a drift. Although it had no official conclusion, the committee calling the trial off because a finish was improbable, yet the day proved *Momo* the best under such conditions. Six of the twenties went to the starting-line, *Arauca*, *Vagary*, *Mary*, and *Idea* being among the missing. *Al-Anka* led the drifting fleet for two legs, with *Momo* and *Shark* second and third, but when the committee postponed the trial *Momo* had crept into first and *Al-Anka* gone to third, *Shark* being second.

Two races were sailed on the next day, Saturday—the fourth trial of the 20-footers in the morning, and the annual race for the Alfred Roosevelt Memorial Cup in the afternoon. And it was well for the International Cup committee it was so, else, after *Momo's* defeat in the last trial, another series might have been considered necessary.

Momo, *Al-Anka*, *Keneu*, *Shark*, *Skate*, and *Arauca* started in the morning, and on the first leg *Momo* parted the lashing of her jib, which, although repaired, delayed her enough to give *Al-Anka* an advantage that she never lost.

Having gained the lead on the first turn by 1 minute, *Al-Anka* held it to the last, beating *Momo*, which was slowly and slovenly handled, by nearly 3 minutes. The rest of the fleet was distanced. *Shark* finished third, 7½ minutes after *Momo*. *Keneu* was 5 minutes later, *Skate* 10 minutes behind *Keneu*, and *Arauca* 11 minutes after *Skate*. Outside of *Momo* and *Al-Anka* the race was very uninteresting.

In the afternoon *Momo*, *Al-Anka*, *Shark*, and *Skate* sailed, and all did better, save *Al-Anka*, which had some of *Momo's* hard luck of the morning; she twice parted her jib-halyards. But the race was always between *Momo* and *Al-Anka*, the others being outclassed. *Momo* assumed the lead at the start, and never lost it, crossing the finish-line finally 3 minutes before *Al-Anka*. *Shark* was third, 5 minutes behind *Al-Anka;* and *Skate*, badly beaten, finished last of the quartet, 6 minutes after *Shark*.

In the Memorial Cup race were also *Secret*, a centreboard sloop of modern type, and *Nameless*, a Gardiner 25-footer; but they were no match for the 20-foot racing-machines, *Secret* finishing about 21 minutes after *Skate*, or about 35 minutes after *Momo*.

The Seawanhaka-Corinthian Club merits congratulation on having so practical and sportsmanly a committee as that which managed these races. Yachtsmen appreciate what these men are doing to nourish the interest in small-boat racing—which means developing yachtsmen.

THE LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB RACE WEEK, which had a brilliant ending on Saturday night, was even more entertaining than last year. And that is saying a great deal. To provide an entire week of racing is, in these dull days of yachting, with their unfilled classes and lack of novelty, to accomplish what perhaps no other club than the Larchmont would even undertake. Yet from July 17 to 24, inclusive, there was interesting racing every day over the club course, and in the club-house some kind of entertainment every night—music, fire-works, minstrels, or legerdemain.

There is some good reason, of course, for the success of the Larchmont Club. Several good reasons, indeed. Efficient officers—elected not because they have a long bank account or a big steam-yacht, but because they are fitted to lead a progressive, growing club; practical, energetic committeemen—appointed because they know their business; no "chosen few" self-ordained to "run things"; and the owner of the smallest sailing yacht given equal audience in the council-chamber with the opulent landsman whose private signal may float over a steamer and an entire fleet of launches.

These are a few of the reasons why the Larchmont Club entertains where others bore, why last year it was compelled to build a ninety-foot addition to its club-house to accommodate an increasing membership, and why finally it holds more regattas in a season than any other club in the country.

Some others not so successful would do well to study the methods of the Larchmont.

CONSIDERING HOW IMPOVERISHED THE CLASSES seem to be this year, it was quite remarkable what interesting racing was had last week at Larchmont by the assembled fleet. In the large schooner class, *Colonia* and *Emerald* of course were the centre of interest; there were no others, in fact, of the same or an approximate class to compete with them. And indeed there will be none seen at any regatta this season, unless some yachtsman or club sufficiently appreciates the needs of the present situation to classify the schooners, and sloops too, according to the years of their construction, and offer prizes on that basis. Such deep-draught schooners as *Colonia*, *Emerald* (in her recently altered condition), *Amorita*, and *Quissetta* have, in their respective classes, put all the others out of the racing. Of the sloops, there was the new F. H. Hoyt *Syce*, which had been going from regatta to regatta without finding a rival, until H. M. Gillig bought *Vencedor* in Chicago, and had her sail plan enlarged for Eastern racing. *Vencedor's* racing length is 48.38 (*Syce* being 50.86), and she is the boat built by Berriam of Chicago last year to meet the Canadian *Canada* in a race for the championship of the Great Lakes. *Vencedor* was overbuilt, and much handicapped by the small amount of canvas put on her in order to keep within the prescribed racing figures. She was easily beaten by *Canada*. When properly canvassed she has given some indication of speed; but she is really untried.

SO FAR AS "COLONIA" AND "EMERALD" are concerned, the week's racing at Larchmont convincingly determined the faster boat. In the Atlantic and New York Yacht Club regattas *Emerald* had defeated *Colonia* once by fluky air and once solely on merit; but at Larchmont *Colonia*, in their duels, settled whatever doubt may have existed as to the supremacy. In the first meeting it was a wind-jamming match, and although *Emerald* was over the line first and rounded the first mark a minute before *Colonia*, the latter eventually beat her 7 m. 51 s. A fine breeze and a little jump of sea were the conditions on the second meeting, and again *Emerald* got the better of the start, this time by 57 s. *Emerald* held her advantage until half-way to the first (windward) mark, where *Colonia* overhauled and beat her on that leg 1 m. 20 s. *Colonia* lost down the wind, but on reaching and working to windward she did the better, finally winning by 3 m. 41 s. The third race between the two resulted in a still more decisive victory for *Colonia*, the conditions being a very strong southwest wind and a choppy sea. *Emerald* crossed the starting-line 1 m. 48 s. before *Colonia*. To the first mark *Emerald* held the lead, but on the thresh to windward for the second mark *Colonia* assumed the lead and never lost it, winning by 12 m. 30 s. On Saturday *Emerald* declining a fourth opportunity to meet *Colonia*, the latter had a sail over.

Syce very easily defeated *Vencedor* (about 10 minutes) in their first race, and on the second attempt *Vencedor* was disabled by carrying away her peak halyards. In the third race there was no accident, and *Syce* outsailed *Vencedor*, beating her 4 m. 8 s. Another chance came on Saturday, and again ill-luck overtook *Vencedor*. She lost her spreader, but continued racing, and was beaten 19 m. 36 s.

Among the smaller sloops, *Acushla* and *Surprise* (Class M), and *Musme*, *Carolina*, and *Raccoon* (Class N special), provided some very good sport, *Acushla* winning once and *Surprise* once, while of its class *Raccoon* won every race (4) she entered—*Carolina* once winning first from *Musme* and twice second to *Raccoon*.

Houri again took the honors in her class (P).

The cat-boat classes filled well and provided some exciting racing, those having wins to their credit being *Kit* (2), *Dosoris II.*, and *Volsung*, Class S; *Sequel*, *Win or Lose*, and *Presto*, Class T; *Minnetonka*, Class V.

A COLLISION DURING SATURDAY'S RACING resulted in the sinking and loss of one of these cats, *Dorothy*, and but for the prompt assistance of the regatta committee steamer one of her crew, who could not swim, would have drowned.

It is difficult to decide who is the fitter subject for the fool-killer—he who trifles with the "unloaded" gun, or he who, not knowing how to swim, yet ventures aboard a small boat as one of its racing crew!

The most interesting feature of the entire week, to my mind, was the handling of the boats in the small classes by their Corinthian crews. These little boats count more for the future of American yachting than all the steamers in Christendom, for they are owned and sailed by yachtsmen,—sailor-men who have the sport's welfare at heart, know its needs, and distinguish between theory and practice.

Therefore are not the yacht clubs wise that welcome such members as these to the council-chamber?

Resumé of polo season deferred to next week.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

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ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 30th day of June, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named streets and avenues in the

12th WARD: 178th STREET, between Amsterdam Avenue and Kingsbridge Road.

23d WARD: SPENCER PLACE, from East 144th St. to East 150 St.

23d and 24th WARDS: STEBBINS AVENUE, from Dawson St. to Boston Road.

24th WARD: OAKLEY STREET, from Mount Vernon Avenue to Verio Avenue.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, June 30, 1897.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 13th day of July, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following-named streets in the respective wards herein designated:

23d WARD: CROTONA PARK, South, between Fulton and Prospect Avenues. St. MARY'S STREET from St. Ann's Avenue to the Southern Boulevard.

24th WARD: EAST 187th STREET from Vanderbilt Avenue, West, to 3d Avenue. EAST 180th STREET (formerly Samuel Street), between Webster and 3d Avenues.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
Comptroller's Office, July 17th, 1897.

NOTICE: The Department of Docks will sell at public auction by Woodrow & Lewis, auctioneers, July 30, 1897, at 2 P. M., on the premises, paving-blocks, flag-stones, etc., on Bank, Bethune, and W. 12th Sts., and 13th Avenue. For particulars see *City Record*.

NOTICE: Estimates for repairing the platform at the foot of Seventh Avenue, Harlem River, under contract No. 595, will be received by the Department of Docks, at Pier "A," Battery Place, N. R., until 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, August 3d, 1897. For particulars see *City Record*.

NOTICE: Estimates for preparing for and building a new pier near the foot of Bank Street, North River, under contract No. 600, will be received by the Department of Docks at Pier "A," Battery Place, N.R., until 12 o'clock noon, Friday, July 30, 1897. For particulars see *City Record*.

NOTICE: Estimates for furnishing cobble and riprap stones, under contract No. 599, will be received by the Department of Docks at Pier "A," Battery Place, N. R., until 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, August 3d, 1897. For particulars see *City Record*.

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